

FOR THE
CHILDREN'S HOUR
BOOK III



CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY

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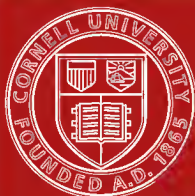
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FOR THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

BOOK THREE

By CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY

AUTHOR OF

Daily Program of Gift and Occupation Work, For the Children's Hour,
Firelight Stories, Stories and Rhymes for a Child, Songs of
Happiness, For the Story Teller, Every Child's Folk
Songs and Games, Stories Children Need,
and Tell Me Another Story.

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For the Children's Hour

BOOK III

THE BOY WHO LOVED JUSTICE

MARCUS AURELIUS OF ROME

It was our first century, A. D., and the birthday of Marcus Verus, a boy of old Rome.

The Roman lad and his mother stood in the courtyard of their home. From the living room of the house where Marcus and his little sister, Annia of thirteen, lived there came the busy hum of the maids' spinning wheels. The white wool from the sheep that pastured on the green hills of Rome was to be made into soft cloth in this careful household. Yet Marcus was a boy of riches and of honor, a magistrate of the city while still in his teens, and a relative of the great Emperor Hadrian of Rome.

A band of burnished gold held back the straight dark hair from Marcus' forehead. He had put aside the coarse mantle that he wore at the hard school of the Stoics and in its place he wore a holiday tunic of white wool. It scarcely reached his knees and showed his well built frame and tough, sun burned skin. Marcus could play ball as well as a boy of to-day. He was walking home from a game of ball on one of the grassy plains outside the city the year before when runners met him bearing the news that he had been chosen as a magistrate to sit in the courts of law with the men of Rome. Marcus, though a boy and a ruler, knew what justice was and how to dispense it!

His mother put her hand on his shoulder, and he looked up into her sweet face. Lucilla, the mother of Marcus, was very like a mother of to-day. She wore the long tunic and outer robe that was the fashion in this long ago time, but her face was full of love and pride as she smiled down at her son.

“How are you going to celebrate your birthday, my Marcus?” she asked.

For a moment the lad was silent. He was thinking of the many happy birthdays of his past. Every one loved to give in those days of long ago, on New Year's day, on the feast days, and on the day when the sun was highest and shone longest on the gardens and palaces of the Romans. On his birthday, the neighbors had always come to Marcus' home with rich gifts: bouquets of flowers, carved brass bowls of fruit, and rich sweets.

Marcus remembered a costly toy chariot that had been given him. It was a gilded model of those in which the charioteers rode in the Colosseum. There had been his gifts of painted balls and carved stone marbles and a small javelin in other years.

It was different, though, this year. Marcus was too old for toys. He looked across the marble pavings of the court. Blooming orange and oleander and lemon trees stood all about it in great stone tubs. There was a fountain whose waters sang

as they fell into a marble basin. At one end of the court there was a cage of pet doves cooing in tune to the playing of the fountain. Annia, Marcus' little sister, had climbed upon the cage and was feeding the doves from her slim brown fingers.

Marcus' mother repeated her question.

"What will you do on this, your birthday, my son?" she asked. "There is little that I can offer you now that all the wealth of the family is yours. You are very rich, Marcus," she added, sighing a little as she looked at her winsome little daughter.

Marcus straightened himself proudly. With his mother's words there had come a plan to his mind which was always keen where justice was concerned.

"I will celebrate my birthday by breaking a Roman custom," Marcus announced. Then, as his mother looked surprised, he explained.

"It is not just that a Roman son should receive all the riches of his family and that the daughter should be dependent upon his bounty. I shall divide my father's

estate to-day and give half to my sister, Annia."

"Give half of your wealth to Annia! Oh, Marcus, that is like your kindness of heart, but should you?" his mother asked.

"I can and will do anything that is just," Marcus answered, reaching out his arms to Annia as the little girl came running across the court to him.

The blood of the ancient kings ran in the veins of Marcus, this Roman boy of so many centuries ago. He was rich, beloved, handsome, but the qualities that have brought his name down to us through all the centuries are his unselfishness, his simplicity and his justice.

It was not easy for him to become a knight of the Equestrian Order when he was only six years old. That meant strenuous training in horsemanship that would have tried the strength of a much older lad. When he was eight years old, Marcus was made one of the priests of Mars, which meant that he must perform many duties

and carry messages in the temple without neglecting or forgetting one.

When Marcus was twelve years old he went to school to the Stoics. They formed an order of the ancients who believed that hardships were more important in life than anything else. So little Marcus put on the Stoic's rough dress. He slept on the hard floor or on the bare ground, denying himself a bed. He refused even the quilt that his mother offered him. Yet Marcus loved to play. He was a better gymnast than most of the other boys, and he was far above them in scholarship.

It was all these qualities of Marcus which caused him to be made a magistrate of Rome when he was barely sixteen years old.

Perhaps you have seen a picture of the old Roman Forum and remember how grand and great it is. Even the ruins of its stone walls seem to rise to the sky. Can you imagine how small you, a boy or girl, would feel in the Roman Forum?

If you can look back in imagination to

the time of this story you may see the boy Marcus there the day of his birthday. He is seated in one of the law courts wearing the rich gown of his office, the official ring and the purple badge. Twelve attendants surround his chair as he listens to the cases that come before him and makes a wise decision in the case of each. His eyes see in dreams the ball grounds on the Roman plains where the other boys are at play, and he hears in fancy the roars of the lions at the Circus, where he would like to be, but he never once turns from the business at hand.

Marcus grew up to be the great Emperor Marcus Aurelius Antonius of Rome. He was always kind and just and the best loved of all the Roman rulers. He began being Emperor, though, when he was a boy just as all great men are usually great, first of all, in their boyhood.

THE BOY WHO COULD GIVE UP

WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR

It seems like a fairy tale come true when we go back to the beginnings of French history and see a little boy only twelve years old the lord of a great castle. He was the Duke of Normandy, a troubled little lad with no mother or father. His name was William, and that is what we will call him, for he was a real boy at heart.

It was a gloomy old castle at Rouen. It was a hundred years old when William came to be its lord, and it was so full of great rooms and treasures of armor and plate that the lad hardly knew all his possessions. There were great stables, a huge banqueting hall, guest rooms hung with rich but dingy old tapestries, and an audience room in which the little Duke seemed lost as he sat on the great throne.

There was a fortress, too, a stout stone fort that stood to guard the entrance to the castle grounds. Those were times of

great stress in France. The country was divided into fiefs, small portions of land that were ruled by lords and barons. King Henry of France ruled all the fiefs, in a way, but there were quarrels all the time about ownership and boundary lines. The King had begun to feel that he was not sufficiently respected in Normandy, and he suddenly decided to invade its territory with an army thousands strong.

William, Duke of Normandy, knew of the struggles and conflicts that were coming nearer and nearer his border lands. He worried about it, but he loved to hunt, and there was nothing that made him so happy as to ride a fleet horse like the wind over the sweeping plains of his land.

Gilbert of Crispin, who had been warden of the castle for many years, guarded it with his yoemen when William wanted to go away to ride or hunt, and no one thought that the King of France would invade the duchy of a little boy of twelve.

That was why William was away, and old Gilbert had few men to meet such an

army of invaders, when King Henry of France descended upon the castle of the Duke of Normandy and demanded it with all its men and land for himself.

Even the oldest servants of the little Duke, the kitchen helpers and the stable boys rallied and armed themselves to try to hold the castle for their master. The Knights of the King of France were tried in warfare, though, and they greatly outnumbered the force of the castle. Their shields and lances flashed in the sunshine and they shouted:

“Give us the keys of the castle. If you refuse we will raze the walls to the ground and kill the Duke and all his followers!”

“The Duke of Normandy defies you!” shouted old Gilbert as he rallied his men to a brave attack in resistance of the invaders. They were sorely outnumbered, though. It would have gone very badly with plucky old Gilbert and the castle would have been destroyed if, just then, they had not heard a shrill trumpet peal ring out above the clash of swords.

“Make way ; make way for the Duke !” came a shout.

The contending forces of the castle and the King stood aside. The great draw-bridge fell, the portcullis rose creakingly, the gate opened, and the Duke of Normandy rode into the court-yard. He rode like a man and his muscles were iron. The wind blew his waving brown hair from his face and showed his high forehead and clear eyes. Gilbert rode up to his young lord, pointing angrily toward the King and his army, but William beckoned him aside and addressed his retainers.

“Cease resisting the King of France !” the boy shouted. “I was only seven years old when my father put my hand in the hand of this same Henry of France and made me swear to be his man and loyal to him always. I never thought that my loyalty would be put to so great a test as this, but I must keep my promise and give up my castle to my King. It is yours for the asking, my lord, if you feel that this will be best for Normandy and for you.”

And William dismounted and bowed before his King.

There was a silence then and the castle followers stepped back as the little Duke had commanded to allow the King to take possession of the castle. But the voice of the King suddenly rang out :

“Kneel before your lord, William of Normandy,” he commanded, and the boy did as he was bade. The King drew his sword and struck the little Duke three times on his shoulder with the flat blade and once on his cheek after the fashion of the *accolade*. Then the King said :

“William of Normandy, in the name of God, of Saint Michael and Saint George, I dub thee Knight. Be valiant and loyal. Speak the truth ; do only what is right ; protect the defenceless ; succor those who are distressed ; champion all ladies ; prove thy knighthood by bravery and endurance and perilous adventures and valorous deeds. Fear God ; fight for the faith and serve thy land faithfully and valiantly.”

So the little Duke William was made a

knight at the youngest age ever a boy had been knighted. He went into the castle with great honor although it was now his King's, and it was a day of joy and feasting for every one, down to the meanest scullery lad.

There was terrible work for the boy to do before many months. Traitors in the camp of the King of France turned some of William's own subjects against him, and when the little knight was only thirteen he led an army that won back for him the castle in which he had lived so long.

Battle after battle William won, but they were all good fights, and his record comes down to us as almost the greatest of princely virtue. He rode from one conquest to another until he was William, the Conqueror, King of England.

More than anything else, though, was William the conqueror of himself, the boy who could give up when this was the better part.

THE MAN WHO OBEYED THE KING

ROBIN HOOD

Now the King had no mind that Robin Hood should do as he willed, and called his Knights to follow him to Nottingham, where they could lay plans how best to capture the felon. Here they heard sad tales of Robin's misdoings and how, of the many herds of wild deer that had been wont to roam the forest, in some places scarcely one remained. This was the work of Robin Hood and his merry men, on whom the King swore vengeance with a great oath.

"I would I had this Robin Hood in my hands," cried he, "and an end should soon be put to his doings." So spoke the King; but an old Knight, full of days and wisdom, answered him and warned him that the task of taking Robin Hood would be a sore one, and best let alone. The King, who had seen the vanity of his hot words the moment he had uttered them, listened

to the old man, and resolved to bide his time, if perhaps some day Robin Hood should fall into his power.

All this time and for six weeks later that he dwelt at Nottingham the King could hear nothing of Robin, who seemed to have vanished into the earth with his merry men, though one by one the deer were vanishing too!

At last one day a forester came to the King, and told him that if he would see Robin he must come with him and take five of his best Knights. The King eagerly sprang up to do his bidding, and the six men, clad in monks' clothes, mounted their horses and rode down to the Abbey, the King wearing an Abbot's broad hat over his crown and singing as he passed through the greenwood.

Suddenly at the turn of a path Robin and his archers appeared before them.

"By your leave, Sir Abbot," said Robin, seizing the King's bridle, "you will stay a while with us. Know that we are yeomen, who live upon the King's deer, and other

food have we none. Now you have abbeys and churches, and gold in plenty; so give us some of it in the name of charity."

"I have no more than forty pounds with me," answered the King, "but sorry I am it is not a hundred, for you should have had it all."

So Robin took the forty pounds and gave half to his men, and then told the King he might go on his way. "I thank you," said the King, "but I would have you know that our King has bid me bear you his seal, and pray you to come to Nottingham."

At this message Robin bent his knee.

"I love no man in all the world so well as I do my King," he cried, "and, Sir Abbot, for your tidings, which fill my heart with joy, to-day thou shalt dine with me for love of my King." Then he led the King into an open place and Robin took a horn and blew it loudly. At its blast seven-score of young men came speedily to do his will.

"They are quicker to do his bidding

than my men are to do mine," said the King to himself.

Speedily the foresters set out the dinner, venison and white bread, and Robin Hood and Little John served the King.

"Make good cheer, Abbot," said Robin Hood, "and then you shall see what sort of life we lead, so that you may tell our King."

When he had finished eating the archers took their bows, and hung rose garlands up with a string, and every man was to shoot through a garland. If he failed he should have a blow on the head from Robin.

Good bowmen as they were, few managed to stand the test. Little John and Will Scarlet and Much all shot wide of the mark, and at length no one was left in the contest but Robin himself and Gilbert of the White Hand. Then Robin fired his last bolt, and it fell three fingers from the garland.

"Master," said Gilbert, "you have lost. Stand forth and take your punishment."

"I will take it," answered Robin, "but,

Sir Abbot, I pray that I may suffer it at your hands."

The King hesitated. It did not become him, he said, to smite such a stout yeoman, but Robin bade him smite on. So he turned up his sleeve and gave Robin such a buffet on the head that he rolled upon the ground.

"There is pith in your arm," said Robin. "Come, shoot with me." And the King took up a bow and, in so doing, his hat fell back and Robin saw his face.

"My lord, the King of England, now I know you well," cried he, and he fell on his knees and all the outlaws with him. "Mercy I ask, my lord the King, for my men and me."

"Mercy I grant," then said the King, "and therefore I came hither to bid you and your men leave the greenwood and dwell in my Court with me."

"So shall it be," answered Robin. "I and my men will come to your Court and see how your service liketh us."

THE LITTLE POOR MAN

BROTHER FRANCIS OF ASSISI

If we could have lived seven hundred years ago in Assisi, a little city of Italy, built on a mountain side, we would have known a boy, Francis Bernardino.

There was sunshine everywhere in Assisi. Above the brown tiled roofs of the tiny stone houses there were tall green cypress trees. Bright flowers bloomed at the windows, and in the squares of Assisi farmers sold leaf lined baskets of grapes and plums and figs.

Outside of Assisi the fields were yellow with grain and sweet with orange groves. In the shadow of the vines, great white oxen drew ploughs, and there were deep forests full of birds, and wild blossoms.

Francis loved the little walled town of Assisi; he loved, too, the country that lay outside, but there was so much to interest him at home that he did not often go farther than the gate of the city.

Piero Bernardino, the little boy's father, was a very wealthy merchant of Assisi. When he came home after buying his rich cloth and brocades it was like the home-coming of a prince. Francis and his mother, with crowds of the townsfolk of Assisi, waited for him at the gate. Piero would ride ahead, surrounded by soldiers, and next came the pack-horses loaded with the goods. There was usually another troop of soldiers at the end of the procession.

As Francis followed his father to the great house where he lived, he thought how pleasant it was to be rich. He was happy to be known as the son of the wealthiest man in Assisi. Nothing seemed to him so good as to have more riches than the other boys with whom he played.

So Francis grew up, careless and gay and thoughtless. His friends were boys whose fathers were counts and dukes. They were vain, and proud of the palaces in which they lived. Francis' mother was sad as she heard him shouting and boasting as loudly as the others. But she thought,

also: "No matter how careless and wild Francis is, he has a kind and loving heart."

And this was true, because he was always quick to be sorry for any one who was ill or in need.

The other boys jeered at Francis for this. When he would rather give his purse of gold to a beggar than use it to buy sweets and toys; and when he wrapped his own rich cloak about a man who had none, they laughed at him.

Then there was a war and Francis, grown older, went from Assisi to help fight the Perugian army. There he saw men terribly hurt and dying, and war seemed to him cruel instead of glorious. He was not afraid; he fought bravely. But he went home to Assisi with a strange, new desire in his heart.

One day in a little square of Assisi there was a strange sight. The same crowds that had watched the rich merchant come home with his wealth saw a barefooted figure, dressed in a long dust colored robe and wearing a rope knotted about the waist.

It was Francis, who had heard the Captain of his soul calling to him. He was going away from Assisi.

“Brother Francis, you must be poor, not rich,” the voice had said to him. “You must no longer wear soft clothing and feast with princes. You must go through the lanes and city streets taking care of the sick, the helpless and the poor.”

So Brother Francis started away without food, or money, or a home. But he was, all at once, happier than he had ever been in all his life. If he saw a poor little church being erected by the side of the road he wanted to help build it with stones that he brought in his own hands. Whoever he met with a heavy load, he helped with the burden. If anyone gave him food, he shared it with hungry children. Doing this, Brother Francis began to feel richer than he ever had in his father’s house. The wind spoke to him and the birds sang in his ears. The silver leaves of the olive trees whispered stories to him, and wherever he went people loved him.

One by one, others followed Brother Francis. They lived as he lived. They wore dust colored robes and went barefooted. They worked as he did for the helpless and those in pain. They were a company of Little Poor Men, and they gave service to whoever needed it, even when they had not a loaf of bread or a penny.

In those long ago days strange and wonderful things sometimes happened. Such things happened after a while to Brother Francis.

II.

In the little city of Gubbio, to which there is a wild mountain road, everyone was in terror of a huge, gray wolf. It ate the sheep and the goats. It killed the shepherds. No one dared to go outside of the city, for the wolf stayed close to the gates, and it had the strength of three men. Hunters were not able to kill the wolf. They often saw the great gray creature skulking through the dark, or a pile of bones that it had left. They never caught it, though, and night after night people

lay in bed and trembled, hearing the soft pad of the wolf's feet coming nearer and nearer.

Then Brother Francis came to Gubbio. He horrified the city when he said that he would go out, alone, and meet the wolf.

They begged him not to, but he would not heed them. He went, as a soldier goes bravely to meet the enemy, out of the city gate and down the road to the wood where the wolf lurked.

There he met the wolf, loping swiftly along with his great jaws open.

But Brother Francis called :

“Come, Brother Wolf. Do no harm to me, or to any one.”

The crowd that had followed Brother Francis saw the wolf come gently up and lie down like a lamb at Brother Francis' feet. Even the children could come close and listen as Brother Francis spoke to him :

“If you will stop killing men and beasts, Brother Wolf,” he said, “and make peace with the city, we will forgive you all the

harm that you have done. As long as you live, the people of Gubbio shall give you food so that you may never be hungry. Show me, Brother Wolf, that you promise to do no more harm."

Brother Francis held out his hand, and the wolf stood up and put his paw in it. Then Brother Francis turned back to the city, the wolf walking like a great pet dog at his side. After this Brother Wolf lived in the city, going peacefully from door to door for his food. He was well fed, no dogs were allowed to bark at him, and he kept his promise to Brother Francis until he died of old age.

There was another wonder in Brother Francis' life. People have liked to remember it, and paint beautiful pictures of Brother Francis with his little friends, the birds.

Brother Francis often stopped by the fields and along the roadsides to talk to the people. He told them stories and tried to make them understand how much happier the poor are than the rich. The birds seemed to want to listen, too. By hundreds

they flew, perching on the trees and low branches, and even on the shoulders of Brother Francis' dust colored robe. Wherever Brother Francis went the birds flocked too.

Once he suddenly turned and said: "I am going to speak to my little brothers, the birds," and he did, telling them how the fields fed them, and the rivers gave them drink, and they were beautifully clothed in their coats of feathers with no thought or care on their part.

The birds had been twittering and singing when he began. As he spoke they were quiet and folded their wings and bent their heads. They understood what he said, and when he had finished they rose in the air and flew away, north, south, east and west, singing more sweetly than they had ever sung before. They were Little Poor Brothers of the air, flying to carry over all the earth the message of Brother Francis.

So Brother Francis lived all his life, poor, and giving comfort, and happy. Nothing

was too small or too humble for him to try to help. Once he rescued a pair of doves from being sold in the market place. Once he came upon a frightened little hare that was caught in a trap.

“Come with me, Brother Hare,” said Brother Francis, and the hare slipped out of the trap and ran to him, following him through the woods.

And Brother Francis nursed the poor, and was willing to touch lepers of whom everyone else was afraid.

During all these years Brother Francis had lived most of the time with only the sky for a roof and no bed but the grass. He had never been sorry for being poor, but he loved the mountains, and he thought when he looked at them, their shining tops bright with the sunset, that they were more beautiful than any palace in the world.

Someone must have read his thoughts. When Brother Francis was quite old and worn, a Count who loved him gave him a mountain.

It was a wild, beautiful mountain in Tuscany. The Little Poor Men climbed it until they found a level place, full of birds and flowers, and fit for Brother Francis to live. Then they cut great, sweet smelling branches of fir and cedar, and built huts, and when they were done they brought Brother Francis up.

The stories say that one morning very early the shepherds, just awake on the plains below Brother Francis' mountain, saw a great light. All the mountain was glorious with a rosy light. It looked as if it were on fire, and the light spread down the sides and filled the windows of the little houses where the peasants lived. It was too early for the sunrise. Everyone was awakened and wondered very much about the light.

When it had faded and it was time for the sun to rise, they could see only the hut of Brother Francis on the mountain.

So his life shines down to us, a bright light through all the years.

THE SHEPHERDESS WHOSE DREAM CAME TRUE

JEANNE D'ARC

I

“Now that the fairy tree is decorated we may sit under it and eat our cakes,” said Jacques. “Come on, Pierre; open the basket,” and the two little French boys motioned to Catherine to join them as they seated themselves for their feast beneath the wide spreading branches of the tree. For a while there was no sound except the whispering of the wind in the branches.

It was five centuries ago in France, and Pierre and Jacques and Catherine were children of the little village of Domremy in the province of Lorraine. Everyone, children and grown ups, for miles about on the country side knew about the fairy tree. The old beech had stood for many years on the banks of the river Meuse holding, so the peasants believed, the shapes of fairies in its shadows. They had done

everything they could to make it beautiful. There was a fountain at its base and the children at holiday time made wreaths of flowers to trim its branches and sat beneath it to eat their feast of sweets. It had come about that they were called the Children of the Tree. They talked about it now as they cast timid glances beyond the tree to the dim forest of oaks so short a distance ahead.

“Do you suppose she will come to-day?” Catherine whispered.

“Who?” asked Pierre.

“Pierre doesn’t know; he was too small to come here with us on the last holiday,” Jacques said. “They say that some day when we have trimmed the fairy tree as we have to-day and sit under it, waiting, a strange thing will happen. A fairy child will come through the wood, and she will do wonders.”

“Oh, if we might only see her!” Catherine said, her dark eyes shining.

As if it were in answer to the children’s wishes, the branches of the woods parted.

The leaves rustled, and they heard footsteps along the forest path. They rose to their feet, startled.

“She is coming!” they cried as a little girl of their own age came slowly from out of the shadows and stood in the sunlight beside the fairy tree.

She was a peasant girl as they were. She wore a coarse smock and wooden shoes, and she carried a shepherd’s crook in her hand. But her eyes were full of a deep longing and she held her little head high, her long hair streaming out behind her like a veil.

“I had a dream,” she said. “It came to me when I was tending the sheep on the hillside. I shall not always be in Domremy. This is my secret, and I am telling it to you because I love you all, and you have been my playmates. Our beautiful France needs me and she will call me soon to go away and help her. The foes of France must be conquered, and I shall help so that the Dauphin may be crowned at Rheims. When he is crowned I shall be

there. I must leave you to help my country."

For a second the children were silent. Then laughter came from the lips of the gay little Catherine.

"Jeanne Romee!" she laughed. "The little shepherd girl of Domremy—not the fairy child at all! And she thinks that she is going to save her country; that was a silly kind of dream!"

The others laughed too. They all knew Jeanne. They had gone to school with her and had watched her tend the little ones at home. They had left her behind for play when she must tend the flock of sheep. Jeanne never had much time for play. She knew a great deal about the birds and the flowers and the trees.

Sometimes when she was alone with the sheep she thought that she heard voices calling to her to go and help her stricken country. But everyone laughed at Jeanne and she seldom spoke of the voices now. The children's laughter hurt her. They gathered up the fragments of

their feast now and ran off home, leaving Jeanne alone.

She stood a moment, looking off into the distance. As she did so the blue river, the white clouds, and the tree with its garlands of flowers seemed to melt away, and she saw a picture instead. She saw a warrior maiden, all in white armor, and riding on a white charger. She carried a floating white banner, and she was riding to lead the armies of the Dauphin to triumph over their English foes. Then, as quickly as it had come, the vision was gone. Jeanne could hear the echoes of the children's laughter. She dropped her eyes to the ground and started slowly to the little village on the edge of the wood where she lived. There were her sheep to tend, and the spinning to do, and a great deal beside to help her mother.

The peaceful life of the little girl at Domremy was soon broken. There came a storm of war, for the English were fighting in France. The distress came as far as the peaceful little village on the Meuse and

thousands of wounded and outcasts passed the door of Jeanne's cottage. Jeanne was older now and could do much to help them. She nursed the wounded and fed the hungry, and gave up her own bed to those who had none. Many times she saw again the vision of the warrior maid in white armor, riding on the great charger and leading the army of the French to victory.

At last Jeanne made up her mind that her dream must come true.

II.

"I must go to the King," Jeanne told her parents. "I may die, but I must go." So she left the quiet little village and her sheep.

The captain of her village was a rough man, but he went with the girl to the court of France. He led her by her hand into the presence of the Dauphin, the son of the King of France.

"My Heavenly Father sends me to tell you that you shall be crowned at Rheims,"

she said as she knelt before him. "I am come to help you."

The Dauphin was so touched by Jeanne's earnestness that he gave orders that she should be allowed to do as she wished. She was given a suit of shining white armor, and a great white charger like the one that she had seen in her dream. She carried a white banner and rode at the head of the army. It seemed to the soldiers that Jeanne had really been sent from heaven to help them. Following the white warrior maid, who was at their head, they fought like madmen. They battled as they never had before; they had lost all fear. Jeanne d'Arc, as she was now called, rode at their head like a flying angel. Nothing hurt her, and she did not know fear.

Seeing her, the English were terrified. They, too, thought that Jeanne d'Arc could not be of the earth but was an angel, leading the French to victory. The English fell back in their fear, and the French burst through their lines. Again and again the English were defeated. Jeanne led the

French army to Rheims for the crowning of the Dauphin as King of France.

Everyone had missed Jeanne at Domremy. The sheep had a new shepherdess, and the wishing tree stood on the edge of the wood holding the children's faded wreaths on its branches. Catherine and Jacques and Pierre were older now, and they were all to go to Rheims for the coronation. They had heard reports of this strange white warrior maid. How they hoped that they might see her!

It was a bright spring morning, and there were great crowds of people gathered at Rheims to see the Dauphin ascend the throne. They came to the open place in front of the cathedral of Rheims. It seemed to the young people from Domremy that they had never seen so many people before in all their lives.

There was a hush at last as a procession entered the square and moved slowly toward the cathedral. The musicians came first and then bands of children dressed in white and holding branches in their hands.

There were soldiers, and heralds, and officers of state in their splendid robes, and knights and noblemen and choir boys!

Last, the children of Domremy saw Jeanne!

She was very beautiful in her steel armor and riding her great white horse. Her banner was embroidered with the lilies of France, the country she had saved. Although she rode next the Dauphin and her path was strewn with flowers, Jeanne was as gentle as she had been when she tended her sheep on the hills of Domremy.

As they watched her triumphal entry into Rheims, the children remembered the little girl who had stood before them under the wishing tree. They could hear, again, her words: "I am telling my secret to you because I love you. I shall help France so that the Dauphin may be crowned at Rheims. When he is crowned I shall be there. I must leave you to help my country."

The children thought, too, of Jeanne's patience in giving up her play time to help

at home, and of her gentleness with the sheep.

“Come home; come home with us to Domremy, Jeanne!” they cried. “We want you; and your work is done now.”

But the warrior maid did not turn, although she was lonely for the sound of the river at home and the whirl of her spinning wheel. There was a longer road ahead of her than the flower strewn one she was taking now to the coronation. No matter how much she wished to, she could not go home.

The King of France still needed her, so Jeanne went on leading the soldiers, until there came a time when she fell into the hands of the English. They believed that if the French army had to march without Jeanne d’Arc it would soon be defeated; so the English condemned Jeanne to death. They burned her as a witch.

If we close our eyes and listen, though, we may hear what Jeanne d’Arc heard during her long, dark days in prison. We may hear the singing of the River Meuse

and the wind in the branches of the fairy tree. We hear, too, the tinkle of the sheep bells and the whir of the spinning wheels of Domremy. They make a song that comes down to us through all the many years since the young warrior maid rode to battle. It is a song with words that tell us of the shepherd girl's dream and her courage and the honor that is hers forever.

THE BOY WHO CONQUERED FIRE

PALISSY

Four hundred years ago a little boy named Bernard Palissy was born in a village of France, not very far from the great river Garonne. The country around was beautiful at all times of the year—in spring with orchards in flower, in summer with fields of corn, in autumn with heavy laden vines climbing up the sides of the hills. Farther north stretched wide heaths gay with bloom, and vast forests of walnut and chestnuts. Through the forests roamed hordes of pigs, greedy after the fallen chestnuts that made them so fat, or burrowing about the roots of trees for the truffles growing just out of sight.

When the peasants who owned the pigs saw them sniffing and scratching in certain places, they went out at once and dug for themselves, for truffles as well as pigs were thought delicious eating, and fetched high prices from the rich people.

But the forests of the province of Perigord contained other inhabitants than the pigs and their masters, and these were the workers in glass, the people who for generations had made those wonderful colored windows which are the glory of French cathedrals. These glass workers were set apart from all other traders. A nobleman might make a beautiful window without bringing down upon himself the scorn of his friends.

Still, at a time when the houses of the poor were generally built of wood, it was considered very dangerous to have glass furnaces, with the fire often at white heat in the middle of a town. So a law was passed forcing them to carry on their work at a distance.

In Perigord the glass workers were kept in the forest where they could cut down the logs they needed for their kilns and where ferns grew, which, when reduced to powder, were needed in the manufacture of the glass.

Bernard must have had many companions

among the children of the forest. He went through the world with his eyes always open, and he soon learned a great deal of all that had to be done in order to turn out the bits of glass that blazed like jewels when the sun shone on them. There were special kinds of earth, or rocks, or plants to be sought for, and when found the glass-maker must know how to use them, so as to get exactly the color or thickness of material that he wanted.

And when the glassmaker had spent hours and hours mixing his substances and seeing that he had put in just the right quantity of each and no more, perhaps the fire would be a little too hot and the glass would crack. Or it might be a little too cold and the mixture would not become solid glass. Then the poor man would have to begin his work all over again.

Bernard stood by and watched, and noted the patience of the glass workers as well as the way that the glass was made.

But Bernard learned other things besides how to make glass. He was taught to read

and write, and by-and-by to draw. In his walks through the woods or over the hills he looked at the fallen leaves or up through the branches of the trees in search of anything that might be hidden there. He especially loved the bright-eyed lizards, and sometimes he would persuade them to stay quiet for a few minutes by singing some country songs while he took out his roll of paper and made rough sketches of them.

But after a while Bernard Palissy grew restless. He left home and traveled on foot over the south of France, gaining fresh knowledge at every step as those do who keep their wits about them. He had no money so he paid his way by drawing pictures. Sometimes he made portraits of the village innkeeper's children, or measured the field at the back of the house where the good man thought of laying out his garden of fruit and herbs.

And as Palissy, now a young man, went he visited the cathedrals in the town as well as the forges and the manufactories;

and he never stopped until he found out why this city made cloth, and that one silk, and a third wonderful patterns of wrought iron.

After several years Palissy settled down in the little town of Saintes. He supported himself by surveying until something that changed his whole life happened to him.

A French gentleman named Pons, who had spent a long time at the Italian court, returned to France bringing with him many beautiful things. Among these was an earthenware cup, wonderfully shaped and enamelled. Pons happened to meet Palissy, and finding that the same subjects interested them both, he showed him the cup. The young man could scarcely contain himself for the sight. For some time he had been turning over in his mind the possibility of discovering enamel, or glaze, to put on the earthen pots. Here, in perfection, was the very thing he was looking for.

Then a pirate boat sailed into port with a great Spanish ship in tow. It was filled

with earthenware cups from Venice and plates and goblets from the Spanish city of Valencia, famous for its marvelously beautiful glaze. The news reached Palissy, and he made a study of the best of the pots before they were bought by the King, Francis I.

The Venetian and Spanish workers still kept their secrets so that Palissy was obliged to work on in the dark. He bought cheap earthenware pots and broke them and pounded the pieces in a mortar to discover, if he could, the substances of which they were made.

II

All this took a long time, and Palissy almost starved as he worked.

Week after week went by and Palissy was to be seen in his little work shop, making experiments with pieces of common pots over which he spread the different mixtures that he had made. He baked these pieces in his furnace, hoping that some of the mixtures might, when hot,

produce a color. White was what he desired above all, though. He had heard that if once you had been able to procure a fine white, it was comparatively easy to get the rest. Remembering how, as a boy, he had used certain chemical substances in staining the glass, he put these into some of his mixtures, and hopefully awaited the result.

But, alas! he had never seen earth baked, and he had no idea how hot the fire of his furnace should be or in what way to regulate it. Sometimes the substance was baked too much, and sometimes too little. And every day he was building fresh furnaces in place of the old which had cracked, collecting fresh materials, making fresh failures, and spending all his money.

The amount of wood necessary to feed the furnaces was enormous, and when Palissy could no longer afford to buy it, he cut down all the trees and bushes in his garden, and when they were exhausted he burned all the tables and chairs in his house and tore up the floors. His friends

laughed at him, but nothing turned him from his purpose. Except for a few hours a week when he worked at something which would bring in money enough to keep him alive, he gave every moment and every thought to the discovery which was so slow in being made.

Again he bought some cheap pots, which he broke in pieces, and covered three or four hundred fragments with his mixtures. These he carried, with the help of a man, to the kiln belonging to some potters in the forest and asked leave to bake them. The potters gave him permission, and the pieces were laid carefully in the furnace. After four hours Palissy ventured to examine them, and found one of the fragments perfectly baked, and covered with a beautiful white glaze.

He was full of joy, but too soon, for success was still far distant.

The mixture that produced the result was due to Palissy having added a little more of some special substance, because when he tried to make a fresh mixture to

spread over the rest of the pieces, he failed to obtain the same result. Still, he was not discouraged. He had done what he had wanted once, and some day he knew he would do it again, and always.

He was too poor to get help. He worked for more than a month, night and day, grinding into powders the substances such as he had used in the moment of his success. But heat the furnace as he might, it would not bake and again he was beaten. He had found the secret of the enamel, but not how to make it form part of the pots.

Each time victory seemed certain, fresh misfortune occurred. The mortar used by the potter in building his kiln was full of small pebbles, and when the oven became very hot these pebbles split and mixed with the glaze. Then the enamel was spread over the earthen pots, which at last were properly baked, and the surface of each pot, instead of being absolutely smooth, became sharp and full of points.

To guard against this, Palissy invented

a kind of case in which he put his pots while they were in the kiln, and he found this extremely useful.

Now he began to pluck up heart and to model lizards and serpents, tortoises and lobsters, leaves and flowers; but it was a long time before he could turn them out as he wished. The green of the lizards burned before the color of the serpents was properly fixed; and the lobsters, serpents, and other creatures were baked before it suited the potter.

But at length his patience and courage triumphed over all difficulties. He learned how to manage his furnace and how to mix his materials. The victory had taken Palissy, the master potter, sixteen years to win, but at last he, and not the fire, was master. He could make what he liked, and ask what price he chose.

From "The Red Book of Heroes," by Mrs. Andrew Lang. Copyright by Longmans, Green & Company.

THE BOY WHO TRUSTED HIS FATHER

WALTER TELL

The Austrians, a long time ago, were the masters of the Swiss, just as the Normans, in the olden time, were the masters of the Saxons. And when one nation is over another, there nearly always arises a tyrant who makes the lot of the down-trodden race wretched in the extreme.

Such a tyrant was Gessler, the Austrian governor of the Swiss States, in the days of William Tell. In order to trample the people down to the very dust, Gessler, not content with making them bow down before him, went so far as to give an order that they should bow the knee to his hat, which for that purpose was hung aloft on a high pole.

Now it chanced that William Tell and his son, Walter, were at Altorf on a visit to Walter's grandmother, when they passed the hat pole. They did not see it, and so neglected to bow before the hat. For this

neglect Tell was made prisoner, and was brought before Gessler on the charge of refusing to obey the governor's command.

Tell defended himself by saying that he had not noticed the hat, and that his neglect was therefore due rather to accident than to design. This did not satisfy Gessler, for he hated Tell on another account. So seeing Walter Tell with his father, he hit upon a cruel way of revenging himself.

"I hear that you like to boast about your shooting," he said to Tell, "and that you can shoot an arrow through an apple at a hundred paces. It is my will that you shoot through an apple placed upon your boy's head. As a favor I will let you stand at a distance of only eighty paces; if you shoot through the apple, you shall not be put to death, but shall go free."

Tell was aghast, and begged Gessler to kill him rather than to put him to such a cruel test of his archery. But the hard hearted Gessler would not relent.

Walter spoke then, for he was the

fearless little son of a hero. "Kneel not before that false man!" Walter said. "Tell me where I am to stand. I am not afraid. My father can hit a bird upon the wing, and he will not miss when aiming at an apple placed upon the head of his child."

"Bind the boy to that tree," retorted Gessler, pointing as he spoke to a tall lime tree that grew hard by.

But Walter cried, "No, I will not be bound."

"Let them bind your eyes then," said one of Gessler's attendants, who pitied the hapless father and the brave lad.

"Why bind my eyes?" was Walter's reply. "Do you think that I am afraid of an arrow from my father's hand? I will stand quite still and wait for it, without even stirring an eyelash."

Then turning to his father he exclaimed, "Quick, father, show them what an archer you are! Shoot and hit, and so vex the tyrant who thinks to destroy us both."

Encouraged by the confident speech of his son, Tell took two arrows from his

quiver, while Walter was led to the lime tree, and the apple was placed upon his head. The people cried out to shame Gessler, for Walter was only a little lad and the pride of his father's heart; but it was all in vain. The cruel tyrant refused to alter his sentence. He even pretended that he was acting kindly to Tell. He said that he was giving him a chance to save his life, when he might have had him put to death for refusing to bow before the uplifted cap.

Then, in breathless silence, the heart broken father took aim, pulled his bow, and shot, not through the boy's brain as Gessler had hoped that he would, but straight through the center of the core of the apple. Great was the joy of everyone who saw it, and greater still was the chagrin of the tyrant, Gessler.

"Father," shouted Walter, running forward to meet him with the apple in his hand. "I knew you could do it. I was sure you would not hurt your boy."

THE BOY WHO COULD NOT BE BRIBED

A STORY ABOUT THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON

Men who hunt foxes often do great damage to the farmers' crops by riding over the fields on horseback. One day a farmer, who was at work in his field, saw a party of red-coated huntsmen, with their dogs, coming across one of his meadows toward a wheat field. As the wheat was just springing up, the farmer was anxious that it should not be trampled down.

Calling one of his plow boys, who was working close by, he told him to run quickly and shut the gate, and to make sure that none of the hunters went into the field.

The boy hurried away, and reached the field just in time to shut the gate as the first huntsman rode up.

"Open the gate at once, my boy," said the man, "we want to go through the field."

"I can't do it," answered the boy, "master has ordered me to let no one pass through, so I cannot open the gate myself, or allow you to do so."

By this time others of the hunting party had come up, and one was so angry with the boy that he threatened to strike him with his whip if he did not open the gate. The lad replied that he was only obeying his master, and that it was his duty to do so.

Another gentleman offered to give the lad a sovereign if he would allow them to pass through. This was very tempting to the boy who had never had so much money; but he remembered his duty, and refused to disobey his master's orders.

This delay annoyed the hunting party very much, and at last a stately gentleman came up and said: "My boy, you do not know me,—I am the Duke of Wellington,—one not in the habit of being disobeyed; I command you to open the gate this moment that my friends and I may pass through."

The boy looked in wonder at the great soldier. He had heard of his many victories, and was proud to be talking to so great a man. He took off his hat, bowed to the great Duke, and replied :

“I am sure the Duke of Wellington would not wish me to disobey my master’s orders; I must keep this gate shut, and cannot let anyone pass without the farmer’s permission.”

The Duke was pleased with the boy’s answer and, raising his hat, he said : “I can honor the boy who can neither be bribed nor frightened into disobeying orders. With an army of such soldiers I could conquer the world.”

The hunting party now no longer tried to pass through the forbidden gate, but, turning their horses, rode in another direction. The boy ran toward his master, shouting :

“Hurrah ! hurrah ! for the Duke of Wellington !”

The farmer, who had watched the scene, was much concerned when he learned who

it was that had been turned away, but he felt that he had found a boy whom he could trust.

Selected.

THE GIRL WHO SAVED HER FATHER

PRASCOVIA

Prascovia was a little girl of Russia whose father was a captain of the army.

A wonderful life, a child of today thinks, must have been hers. We can shut our eyes and imagine we see her in her bright cap, furs, and high boots. Russia is a fairy-land for children in the winter with its ice carnivals, the dashing sleighs, and everyone full of happiness and laughter.

But Prascovia was not a fortunate child of Russia. For some unknown reason her father had been banished to black Siberia, and Prascovia and her mother went with him for they could not bear to think of his bearing his exile alone.

Siberia is a barren, terrible district of Russia. For weeks at a time there is no sunshine, and the winter lasts for nine months. Prascovia was cold and lonely and untaught, but she tried to be of as much comfort to her mother and father as

she could. She helped to keep house in the bare little hut that was their only home, and when she was older she found employment in the village, going out to help in harvesting the rye, and receiving a bundle of the grain once in a while as her wages. She was a merry little girl in spite of the hard work, her dreary home, the deep snow, and the iron frosts. She made the long darkness bright with her own sunshine, but each day she saw her father growing more and more sad. He had tried to serve his emperor truly and well. His banishment to Siberia was due to a mistake, but the Russian government was so despotic that he could not see his way to freedom.

Prascovia had not understood this when she was younger. When she was fifteen she saw that her father was growing bent and gray with his grief. Then a wonderful thought came to her. Although she had not been away from Siberia for years, she made up her mind that, now, she would go. She had decided to make the long journey

to the capitol city of Russia, Saint Petersburg. Here she would beg the emperor of all Russia to pardon her father, Captain Loopolof.

Prascovia dreamed of her journey as she walked over the snow between the dark pine trees. When she asked her father and mother if she might go, it seemed as if they could not let her.

"You will not be able to obtain a passport," they said, "and without one you will be at once returned to Siberia."

"I will write to Saint Petersburg for one," she said.

And after a long wait of six months Prascovia received a passport from the capitol, so that she was able to begin preparation for the journey.

There was not much, though, that she could do to get ready. Very early in the morning she dressed in her poor, coarse clothes and slung a bag of food over her shoulder. They had one silver rouble, that was all; and her father begged her to take it. Some of the poorest exiles gave her

what little money they had, too, a handful of copper kopeks. So Prascovia started away, alone, to find her emperor.

She had to walk, and it was very cold and lonely. She often lost her way in the long stretches of dark, silent forests. The winter began to come on, and with it an eight days' snow storm so that Prascovia was obliged to beg shelter in a peasant's hut until it was over. Robbers stole her money, and it seemed to the girl that there was no use in her starting on again.

There were no railways, even if Prascovia had been able to pay for a ticket on a train. Most of the traffic was carried on by means of sleds, and one day a convoy of these came to the post station near where the girl had been obliged to stop her journey.

They were going along the route toward Saint Petersburg, and when she found this out, Prascovia fell on her knees at the feet of the head trader.

"Take me with you!" she begged. "I must see my emperor and ask him to

pardon my father. Oh, help me to find my emperor," she begged.

It was impossible to resist the girl's pleading. The traders were rough men but kind, and they let her jump into one of the sledges and cover herself with the wrapping of a bale of goods. So she took up the journey again.

Now, it was real winter. At night the sky was sown with glittering stars, and the sledges creaked as they slid over the thick ice crust of the snow. Prascovia's clothes were too thin for such weather; first she felt very cold, and then quite numb and sleepy.

"How quiet the child is," thought the sledge driver. When they drove to the next post station, they had to lift Prascovia from the sledge and carry her into the hut for she was almost frozen to death. They knew how to take care of her, though. They rubbed her hands and feet and her pale little face. They gave her hot drinks, and soon she opened her eyes and smiled at these kind friends. When they started

on again the drivers made Prascovia wear their sheepskin coats in turn, getting out of the sledges and walking along beside the horses so that they, themselves, might not freeze.

Soon they came to the end of the sledge route. Saint Petersburg was nearer, but there was still a long stretch of little villages and towns through which Prascovia must walk. It had been a hard winter, and the cold was not yet over. One day as Prascovia trudged along over the snow she suddenly fell. When she opened her eyes, she was tucked up in a warm bed beside the wall of a little cottage. A kind face framed in a ruffled white cap looked down, smiling, at her. This good peasant woman had found Prascovia and brought her home. Prascovia stayed with her all the spring and the summer until the roads were again fit for sleighing.

It was hard for Prascovia to be patient all this time, but she was too weak to travel. She helped the woman to keep

her cottage clean, the samovar shining, and the garden trim and neat. Everyone in the village grew to know the little girl with the long, dark braids, wistful brown eyes, and patient smile. They were poor people themselves, with very little money, but they brought her gifts. At the end of her first year away from her father and mother in Siberia, Prascovia started on again toward Saint Petersburg. Before long she reached the great city, all white and gold, and with its minarets and mosques shining in the sun.

It seemed to Prascovia that now her troubles were over, but this was not so. Everyone she met was richly dressed in velvet and furs and would not heed her. She was pushed this way and that, and nearly trampled to death under the sleighs full of merry makers. For weeks she sat on the steps of the Senate house, asking for an audience with the emperor, but she was only pushed aside and laughed at. The greatest kindness she received was to have a kopek flung at her, for the people

who passed her thought that she was a beggar girl.

Prascovia was very steadfast and patient, though. She told her story to a great many people, and after a while it came to the ears of the empress mother. She sent for the girl and was deeply touched by her love and devotion to her father. She gave Prascovia three hundred roubles. Best of all, she said that she would take Prascovia to the emperor.

It was like a fairy tale come true then. Prascovia was dressed in the beautiful, rich clothes that other Russian girls wear. Her hair, that floated over her shoulders like a long, dark veil, was fastened with a gold band. With the empress mother and ladies of state, she went to the great throne room of the palace.

The gold and jewels, the long flight of steps that led up to the glittering throne, the emperor in his dazzling crown and ermine robe looking down at her, almost blinded Prascovia. She did not know that the eyes of the court were wet with tears when they saw her come in and kneel down

at the throne steps. She could scarcely hear the emperor as he bade her rise and take from his hand her father's pardon.

Prascovia might have sent the pardon to Siberia and waited in Saint Petersburg, a happy guest of the empress mother, until her father and mother came for her. She did not want to do this. She wanted to put the pardon into her father's hands herself, so she took the long journey back home again.

It was quite like a triumph journey, though. Prascovia had money enough to travel all the way in comfort. Everyone wanted to help her, for all Russia knew of what she had done for her father. At the post stations children waited for her with gifts. She was like a little queen going home to her Kingdom.

It made Captain Loopolof young and joyful again to know that his emperor had pardoned him and reinstated him in the army. His greatest happiness, though, was in his daughter's devotion. She is the girl of all history who honored her father the most.

THE BOY WHO LIKED GEOGRAPHY

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS

He was born almost five hundred years ago in Genoa, an Italian city that looks down on the blue sea. His name was Christopher, and he was more interested in geography than in anything else.

There was a good deal in the way of pleasure for an Italian boy to do in those long ago days. The other lads of Genoa drove their donkeys up and down the steep, narrow streets, ran races and sailed boats in the bay, and climbed the orange and fig trees when the luscious fruit was ripe. Christopher spent very little time playing, though. He was very poor and he had to work hard to help his family, but when he had a little spare time he read every word that he could find about geography. He found it more exciting than a boy of today finds the story of Robinson Crusoe. People in those days knew really very little about the earth on which they

lived. They thought that the earth was flat, like a sheet of paper, because all that they could see of it looked flat. Christopher grew up thinking that there was not much of the world except Italy and Spain, and a few other countries about which he had studied. He had been taught, too, that if one went far enough one would have to jump off into space, for the earth would stop in a kind of jumping off place.

Christopher was one of the bravest boys in Genoa, though, and when he had an opportunity he would go out to sea as far as the ships that left the docks of Genoa could carry him. Once he was shipwrecked and almost drowned, but this did not affect his courage or his curiosity about the earth at all. One reason for this was that a strange idea had come into Christopher's clever mind.

He noticed that when he sailed far enough out to sea and looked back, the white houses and green hills of Genoa disappeared from his view altogether. He knew that he was not far enough out to

be near the end of the earth that he had heard about all his life.

"I wonder if the earth is round like an orange or a pomegranate," Christopher asked himself, "and if it is the curving of the earth's surface that makes me lose sight of Genoa?"

Everyone laughed at Christopher when he suggested that the earth might be round.

"In that case we haven't seen all of it, or put it all in our geographies," they said.

"That is just what I believe is true," Christopher said. "I want to sail to the end of the sea and find out for myself."

And so, although no one could believe that the earth was round instead of flat, the rich people of Genoa fitted out a ship for Christopher to go in and look for new lands. He was grown to a man now. We know him as Christopher Columbus, and he started out on his great adventure.

The ship was too small for Christopher Columbus to sail in as far as he wished. He went to Portugal in it and asked the King to help him by giving him a larger

ship. The King of Portugal was already sending ships and men to explore the coast of Africa and he was interested in Columbus' idea. He was wicked and deceitful, though. As he kept Columbus waiting with false promises, he sent an expedition out to sea to go in exactly the same direction that Columbus had intended sailing. His ships turned back because his men had not the courage of Columbus.

Then Columbus appealed to King Ferdinand of Spain for help in carrying out his great adventure. Spain was at war and there was not much money in the court treasury to waste on so wild a scheme as this one seemed to be. Columbus grew so poor as he waited that he was obliged to beg food, but at last Queen Isabella began to have faith in the brave adventurer. She sent for Columbus and caused three small ships to be fitted and put at his service.

Columbus set sail on Friday, the third of August, in the year 1492. It was a more strange and wonderful voyage than

any that had ever been taken before. No chart or compass could help him very well, for so far as he knew, he was sailing seas that no other mariner had ever sailed before.

His crew grew frightened and mutinous and tried to turn back. Columbus' greatest difficulty was in keeping their courage and making them obey his orders. They sailed for two months and a week. Finally, on the night of October eleventh, 1492, Columbus saw the first light from land shining out through the darkness.

Columbus' dream had come true. The earth was not flat, but round. There was no lands' end from which his little sailing vessels would plunge into space. Land was in sight, he thought, and the next morning with the first ray of light he found that this was true.

Before him lay a beautiful island, almost as lovely as the lands he had left so long before. Strange dark people who had never seen a white race before or ships like those of Columbus ran down to the edge of

the water to greet him and bring him presents.

Columbus dressed himself in rich clothes and, carrying the flag of Spain, landed followed by his wondering crew. Together they knelt on the sand as Columbus planted the banner and took possession of the new world he had found in the name of the King of Spain.

It was one of the islands of America that Christopher Columbus had discovered. He found another island which is called Cuba and a third named Hayti now. One of his ships was wrecked and he used the waste wood to build a fort on the island of Hayti. That was Columbus' first voyage, but he made others, discovering more islands each time.

Columbus' courage seems greater as his first trip across the uncharted sea is farther away from us in the years. He began by learning all he could about his own land and he ended by giving us our own beloved land of America.

THE MAN WHO CAPTURED LIGHT- NING

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

If we could have been in the quaint old Quaker city of Philadelphia the middle of the eighteenth century, we might have heard about a man whom a good many people were making fun of. His name was Benjamin Franklin.

America was still so young then as to have a good many old world notions. This was especially true of the gray gowned people of Philadelphia. They had very little interest in anything new and they believed in doing things in about the same way that they had been done for the last hundred years or so.

All Philadelphia laughed at Mr. Franklin's invention of a broom. It happened to be the first broom of its kind in America, and it had taken Mr. Franklin a year to make, for it had to be grown first. He had been down at the wharf one day, a

kind faced man in a long cloak and with his hair worn long as was the custom in those days. As he watched the ships from England unloading their cargoes, he saw some rush baskets that had brought fruit and now lay empty on the wet boards. The rushes had sprouted and sent out shoots.

Mr. Franklin took the shoots home and planted them in his garden and in a year he had a fine crop of broom corn. He dried this and bound it in brushes that he called brooms.

When the housekeepers of Philadelphia found out how easy it was to sweep up the dirt with a broom, they stopped laughing and thanked Benjamin Franklin for his very useful invention.

But people who passed by the Franklin house one day brought back strange reports of what they had seen going on in the garden.

"Mr. Franklin is making a kite," they said.

He had never done anything quite so

unusual as that, but those who heard about it tried to explain it.

"Of course the kite is for some boy whom Mr. Franklin knows," they said and thought no more about it. But in June of the year 1752 a still stranger story was told about Benjamin Franklin.

"Mr. Franklin is flying a kite," passers-by said. There seemed to be no explanation to this, for it was quite true.

He went out in a thunderstorm which made this fact of a grown man sailing a kite seem still more strange. He had made his kite of a large silk handkerchief and had fastened a thin wire to the top of the stick. He tied a string to the kite, and near his hand he attached a silk ribbon to the string. Where the string and ribbon joined he fixed a large metal key. There was a secret connected with this strange kite.

Benjamin Franklin had been thinking a great deal about electricity and he wondered where it came from. Although every one laughed at him when he spoke of it, he

believed that electricity and the lightning which flashed across the sky might be one and the same. He had this in mind when he made his kite.

As the storm began to gather, Benjamin Franklin took his kite to a field quite a distance from his house. There was an old cow shed there but very few houses near, so no one would see if he failed in his experiment. He held his kite up and the wind caught it, carrying it up in the air. The string was of hemp all except the silk end which he held in his hand. In the shed Mr. Franklin put a Leyden bottle. This was a jar of water, charged with electricity, and having a metal stopper through which an iron rod ran inside the bottle. If there were any electricity in the air it would be caught by the Leyden jar, Mr. Franklin knew.

No one was watching, and Mr. Franklin was very glad of this. Deep down in his heart he felt badly because the people of Philadelphia ridiculed his strange ideas. Sometimes there are seers and wizards in

every day life instead of only in the fairy tales. Benjamin Franklin was both a seer and a wizard. He could see wonders in commonplace things that others could not see. He could use common things in bringing about wonders.

The first thundercloud passed over Mr. Franklin's kite without any effect. He was very anxious as he stood and waited for the next one. Then there came a second thunder clap. Suddenly the fibers of the hemp cord began to stir and rise and Mr. Franklin felt his fingers tingle and pulled by it. It was hard for him to believe that he had found out what lightning is, but he put his finger to the key on the kite string. He started, for he felt quite a strong electric shock. Then rain began to pour down and wet the kite string. And down the wet string poured real electricity that filled the Leyden jar.

This discovery was a great triumph for Benjamin Franklin and a help to the world. News of it went across the ocean to Europe and the name of Benjamin Franklin

suddenly became one of the most famous in the world. He made other trials and discovered that some clouds are full of positive and some of negative electricity. When he was sure that it was possible to gather electricity from the air he went to work to try to protect houses from being burned by lightning.

He set to work to make lightning conductors and was very successful indeed about it. He put lightning rods on houses which drew the electricity from the sky but directed it down into the ground. Before Benjamin Franklin's invention of the lightning rod a great many houses had been destroyed during each thunder storm. They began to put up lightning rods in France and no one made fun of Mr. Franklin any longer. Whenever we see a kite sailing unusually high now, we think of the kite that Franklin used to reach lightning and chain it to the earth.

THE BOY WHO WAS TRUE

GEORGE WASHINGTON

When little George was five years old his father moved from Pope's Creek in Virginia, where the child had been born, and went to live on another of his estates on the Rappahannock River.

It was a splendid country with wide unbroken forests stretching out to east and west. In these great forests, standing so thick with trees that scarcely a gleam of sunlight could creep in, all kinds of birds and beasts had their homes. In the shadowy stillness there were other moving forms besides the animals that crept quietly and stealthily about.

These forests were the hunting grounds of the Indians and their canoes, too, might be seen shooting about the rivers. As yet they were quite friendly toward the white family who had come to settle so close to them, but at any moment they might become enemies.

Every now and then news would come from other parts of the country of the terrible deeds done by the Indians to the white settlers. George would listen to these tales of cruelty until it was hard to feel quite brave. Those same Indians, he knew, were lurking in the forests close by. They stole like silent shadows across his path. They were as noiseless and mysterious in their ways as the forest animals themselves.

But there were pleasant open places around the house for George to play in without wandering into the shadows of the great forests. There was an apple orchard besides the garden and fields, and in spring-time it was like fairyland with its pale pink blossoms against the blue sky. That was very beautiful to look at, but it was in autumn that George loved the orchard best. Then the trees were loaded with great rosy-cheeked apples, and the ground beneath was covered with "tumble-downs."

George had gone one day to the orchard with his father and two of his cousins, and

the sight of the apples made him dance with joy.

"Father," he cried, "did you ever in all your life see so many apples before?"

"There certainly are a great many," his father said. "Do you remember what I told you in the spring when your cousin gave you a large apple and you wanted to eat it all up yourself instead of sharing it with your brothers and sisters? I told you then that you should be generous, and God would send us many more apples in the fall."

George hung his head. He remembered quite well. The sight of all these apples made him quite ashamed of himself now. It was not very easy to own that he had been greedy, and that he was sorry. But he was a good fighter and at last he won the victory.

"I am sorry now, father," he said, "and if you will forgive me this time, you will see that I shall never be stingy again."

That was the kind of lesson his father wanted him to learn, and it was the kind of teaching that George never forgot.

When spring came George was much excited one day, when he went out to the garden, to find that the cabbage bed had begun to show green shoots, and that the green formed the letters of his name, "George Washington." He stood for a few moments quite silent, his eyes and mouth wide open in astonishment. Surely it was magic!

"Father, father!" he shouted. "Oh, father, do come and see."

"What is the matter?" asked his father.

"The cabbages are coming up, and are writing my name," cried George.

"Very curious," said his father.

"But who did it?" asked George.

"I suppose they just grew so," said his father. "Don't you think they came up by chance?"

"They couldn't," said George. "They wouldn't know how to grow that way unless someone had made them."

"You are quite right," said his father. "Nothing grows by chance. I planted

those cabbages in that way to teach you a lesson. There is someone who plans everything. All the thousands of good things you enjoy, the sunshine and the flowers, eyes to see with, ears to hear with, feet to carry you about, all are planned by God, and chance has nothing to do with it."

George was only eight years old when he learned that lesson, but he never forgot it all the rest of his life.

It was about this time that George was given a little hatchet. He went about the garden chopping any old pieces of wood that he could find, when his eye fell on a beautiful English cherry tree, and this seemed the very thing on which to try his new present.

So he chopped away until not only the bark was off the tree but the wood underneath was hacked and cut to pieces.

The next day his father happened to pass by that way and caught sight of his favorite cherry tree. He was very angry when he saw the mischief that had been done, and he went at once to ask everyone

in the house if he or she knew who had done it.

“My beautiful cherry tree is ruined,” he said. “Who could have hacked it in that way?”

No one knew anything about it. None of the servants had been near the tree.

Just then George came in with his hatchet in his hand.

“George,” said his father sternly, “do you know who has killed that cherry tree in the garden?”

Until that moment George had never thought of the harm he had done the tree. Hearing his father’s voice and seeing his troubled face, the boy suddenly knew the mischief that he had done and hung his head.

“George, did you do it?” asked his father.

It was all very frightening. George was only a little boy and his father was very angry. The whole household waited to hear what he had to say for himself. It was not easy to be brave but George man-

fully lifted his head and looked straight at his father.

"I can't tell a lie, father," he said. "I did it with my hatchet."

So the boy spoke out bravely and truly, risking anything that might happen. But he need not have been afraid. His father would rather have lost a hundred cherry trees than that his son should have told one lie.

It was only right that a boy who came of a soldierly race, and who meant, himself, to be a soldier some day, should learn the truest bravery of all. It was a better preparation for him even than drilling his playmates and fighting mimic battles, as he was fond of doing.

His big brother Lawrence had joined the army and gone away to fight King George's battles against the Spaniards. George wished that he too were old enough to wear a uniform and carry a sword.

But all this was still in the future. Meanwhile George went steadily on, learning all he could, both at school and at

home. He was as upright and brave and truthful as a boy could be. Besides that he learned how to be methodical so that he did far more work than most boys could manage. His teachers soon found out that he was no ordinary boy, and they felt sure that a great future was ahead of him. They were right.

He was a Great American, and America's first President. Besides being an example of bravery and truthfulness to all children, he lived to a very great and good man, and there is no name in America more honored or loved than that of George Washington.

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PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town tonight,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal
light,—

One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country folk to be up and arm."

Then he said, "Good night!" and with
muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,
Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where swinging wide at her moorings lay

The Somerset, British man-of-war ;
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and
street,

Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old
North Church,

By the wooden stairs with stealthy tread,
To the belfry chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the somber rafters, that round him
made

Masses and moving shapes of shade,—
By the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,

Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead,
In their night encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place, the hour and the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay.
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side,
Now gazed at the landscape far and near,

Then, impetuous, stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectre and somber and still.
And lo! as he looked on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the
dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing,
a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and
fleet:
That was all! And yet, through the gloom
and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed in
his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

He has left the village and mounted the
steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and
deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides ;
And under the alders that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the land, now loud on the
ledge
Is heard the tramp of his steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford
town.

He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river fog,
That rises after the sun goes down.

It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting house windows, blank
and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,

As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock,
When he came to the bridge in Concord
town.

He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have
read,

How the British Regulars fired and fled,—
How the farmers gave them ball for ball
From behind each fence and barnyard
wall,

Chasing the redcoats down the lane,
Then crossing the fields to emerge again.
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere ;
And so through the night went his call of
alarm

To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock on the
door,

And a word that shall echo forevermore !
For, borne on the night wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof beats of that steed,
And the midnight ride of Paul Revere.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

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THE LOG CABIN BOY

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

How would you like to have begun life in a little log cabin set in the midst of a western wilderness? Suppose, too, that the cabin had no window and so many cracks that it let in the winter winds and even the snow!

That was how little Abe first saw life a long time ago, in February of 1809. It was a rough life for a small boy. Even his mother had to know how to shoot, for the cabin was in the woods where wild beasts and Indians surrounded it. There was nothing to eat except what Abe's father raised or hunted. They had nothing to wear except the cloth his mother spun and wove, or the skins of animals.

By the time little Abe was six years old, though, he had learned more than a boy of that age today. He could fish and hunt. He was not afraid of Indians. He could catch hold of a sycamore tree on

the edge of the brook outside the cabin, and swing himself way across the brook.

But little Abe's father was not satisfied with his boy's knowing only how to live an outdoor life. He could not read himself, but it was his great longing that little Abe should have this knowledge.

It was when Abe was seven years old and his sister, Sarah, a year younger, that their father spoke about this.

"I want the children to learn to read," he said. "There is a man in a shanty down the road who knows how. He can't write, but he could teach Abe and Sarah their letters."

So the two little folks started off, Abe in a linsey-woolsey suit, buckskin breeches, and a coon skin cap. It was a long walk, and the children had only hoe cake to carry for their dinner, but they were strong and sturdy. They were clever, too. In a few weeks, Abe knew as much as the school master. Then he began to wish, oh, so much, that he had some books to read at home in the cabin.

There was a Bible at home, an old catechism and a spelling book. Abe read these over and over again in the dim candle light of the cabin. One day his father surprised him. He brought him a new book. It was Pilgrim's Progress, the most wonderful story, little Abe thought, that he had ever read. It was only a borrowed book; books cost a very great deal of money in those long ago days, more than Mr. Lincoln could pay. He was able to borrow more, though. Little Abe read Aesop's fables, and he liked them so much that he learned the stories by heart. He could tell the fable of the Hare and the Tortoise, the Crow and the Pitcher, and many others.

It made Abe so happy to have these books that he made up his mind to try to do something, in return, to surprise his father. It was spring of the year and Abe and his father were plowing, turning up the soft brown earth, ready for the new seeds. Mr. Lincoln missed his boy. He looked back, and what do you think he

saw ? Abe had spelled with a stick, in the soft brown earth, his own name. His father had not known that he could write, but there were the letters as plainly outlined as if they had been in a copy book : *Abraham Lincoln*.

He had taught himself to write by practicing in the snow, and making letters on the logs of the cabin walls with pieces of charcoal.

A great deal began to happen now to Abraham, although he was only eight years old. His father decided to travel a hundred miles from Kentucky to a new farm in Indiana to see if he might not be a little more prosperous. There were no railroads. There was not even a stage route. They packed their bedding on two horses and set out on the journey overland. It took seven days, sleeping on the ground under the stars at night. And when they reached the new home, there was not even a shelter waiting for them. A road had been cut through the forests, but all the clearing was yet to be done.

Abraham had an axe of his own and he went to work with it. He was a true pioneer boy, though, and not one bit afraid of work. He cut poles while his father laid the foundations of the new cabin. They were only able to put up a "half-faced" camp at first, with three sides and one side open. And it was hard work. The great, unhewn logs had to be all notched and fitted together, and the cracks filled in with clay. They made a loft, and fitted in a door and a window. Abraham learned how to make a table and some stools. Then, after the bitter winter was over, the spring brought them more comfort and happiness. The corn and vegetables they planted came up, and Abraham had a little time to read again.

He had a new book, now, that a neighbor had let him take. It was the story of a boy who had, also, in his little boy days, an axe like Abraham's; but he had used it to cut down his father's cherry tree. When he had grown to be a man, though, he was our Great American. Abraham took

this book, the Life of George Washington, to bed with him and read it when the snow was sifting in through the cabin roof and over his quilt. He read the book many times.

"What are you going to be when you grow up?" the neighbor asked Abraham.

"I am going to be the President of the United States," the boy replied.

Everyone thought this a very good joke for Abraham was growing up now. He had legs that were too long for his body and it was the same way with his arms. He was almost six feet tall although he was not yet fifteen years old. His head, set on top of his long neck, looked almost out of place. People laughed when they compared him with other Presidents of the United States.

Abraham kept his thought in his mind, though, and he went on working, and reading when he had time in the firelight of the long winter evenings. As he threshed, and chopped, and plowed, he could not help dreaming a little. All his life he had

worked hard for others, and he really liked this kind of work more than any other. He wanted to go on helping others only in a greater, broader way.

We all know what happened to Abraham Lincoln. His dream came true. He was our noblest President and carried on his broad shoulders the burdens of the slaves. It was a long road from the little log cabin in Kentucky to the White House at Washington, but President Lincoln, himself, tells us how he made the journey.

He was visiting, once, a hospital full of wounded soldiers. There were several thousand of them, and each one of them loved Mr. Lincoln so that he wanted to shake hands with him. He took and held the hand of each. It was enough to cripple an ordinary man, but Mr. Lincoln's kind, plain face was smiling when someone asked if he were tired.

"Oh, no," he said. "The hardships of my boyhood made me strong."

Very likely, too, it was the struggles of

learning to write on bare boards and in the earth that helped Abraham Lincoln to write his name in letters of gold on our history pages.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE

Up from the meadows sweet with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,

The clustered spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.

Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach tree fruited deep.

Fair as the garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,

On that pleasant morn of the early fall
When Lee marched over the mountain-
wall,—

Over the mountain, winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town.

Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,

Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one.

Up rose Barbara Frietchie then,
"'''' Bowed with her fourscore years and ten ;

Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down.

In the attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet.

Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead.

Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced : the old flag met his sight.

"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast.
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast.

It shivered the window, pane and sash ;
It rent the banner with seam and gash.

Quick, as it fell, from the broken staff
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf.

She leaned far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will.

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

A shade of sadness, a blush of shame
Over the face of the leader came;

The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:

"Who touches a hair of yon gray head
Dies like a dog! March on!" he said.

All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:

All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host.

Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well.

And through the hill-gap's sunset light
Shone over it with a warm goodnight.

Barbara Frietchie's work is o'er,
And the rebel rides on his raids no more.

Over Barbara Frietchie's grave,
Flag of Freedom and Union, wave!

Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;

And ever the stars above look down
On thy stars below in Frederick town!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

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THE GIRL WHO WROTE UNCLE TOM'S CABIN

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE

It did not seem as if there were room enough in the little white house in Litchfield, Connecticut, for another baby. The Beechers had six little ones already, but when Harriet came everyone was glad to see her. They decided that they had all needed her very much and they began loving her with all their hearts.

It didn't matter that their father, who was a minister, had scarcely enough money to fill all the hungry mouths in the home nest. Harriet's mother taught school to help her father, but she found time to make the most delightful rag dolls for little Harriet, and to read her stories, and take the best care of all the family.

Harriet soon grew to be a gay little girl with blue eyes and brown curls. She was as happy as if she had been a little princess, and she spent enchanted days

roaming over the meadows and the forest. She gathered wild flowers in the spring and nuts in the fall. She learned to know all the treasures of outdoors. There were the crisp apples of the pink azalea, honey suckle apples people called them. There were scarlet wintergreen berries, the pink blossoms of the trailing arbutus and the feathery ground pine. There were blue and white and yellow violets to be found, and wild anemone blossoms, and other quaint treasures of the woods.

Living and playing so much out of doors Harriet did not mind in the least the bareness of her home. There were not even carpets upon the floors. What do you think Harriet and her mother did one day? They laid down a piece of cotton cloth in the parlor and painted it in oil colors with a border, and a bunch of roses and other flowers in the center. It made a very fine carpet indeed even if everyone was afraid to step on it.

After awhile Harriet was seven years old and she began to be very fond of books.

There were not many in her father's library ; he had to spend nearly all of his salary for bread and butter and shoes for the children. But Harriet found a fat book of hymns, and she learned twenty-seven of them so that she could say them without making a mistake in a word. There was another book that she grew to like very much. It was *Ivanhoe*, and Harriet and her brother George read it over seven times.

She liked school very much indeed, and she found that she really enjoyed doing something that the other children disliked. She could write a composition without crying over it or misspelling a word.

Although the schools in those long ago days were very different from ours, with long hard benches and longer hours and books with no pictures, they had one of the customs that we know. Once a year the fathers and mothers were invited to come to school and hear the children recite poems and say over some of their hardest lessons. If any child had written an especially good composition, the master

of the school would read it at this parents' day. Of course this made the father and mother of the child who had written it very proud indeed.

If you will close your eyes you may see in fancy the school in old New England with little Harriet among the other children on one of these parents' days. Her curls were almost down to her waist, and they did not have to be done up in papers for they were natural curls. She wore a flowered dress with a ruffled skirt, and long white pantalettes. Her big blue eyes were as bright as the sky as she saw her father in his black suit and stiffly starched cravat sitting on the platform behind the school master.

Not many of the children's compositions were read, and the best one of them all was left for the last. When the school master stood up, and read the fine copper plate writing in which some child of the school had set down her thoughts on the Light of Nature, everyone listened most carefully. It was a very well written

composition, certainly the best of them all.

"Who wrote that composition?" Mr. Beecher asked of the school master.

"Your daughter, sir," was the answer.

Nothing that ever happened to her when she grew up and was famous made Harriet Beecher Stowe so happy as the smile she saw on her father's face as he said, "Why, Harriet!"

Then Harriet grew up and she went to live in Cincinnati. She discovered something here that made her very sad. The black people of the South were in slavery. Unhappy slaves and their little children fled through the free states and were helped into Canada by means of the underground railway. Harriet Beecher, who was now Mrs. Stowe with two little boys of her own, was sorry indeed for the slaves. She opened her house to the little colored children whom she taught with her own boys.

One day Harriet Beecher Stowe told a story to her two little sons.

It was a story that she had thought of

herself. It was about an old white haired colored man named Uncle Tom who lived in a little log cabin in the South. He was as kind and patient and good as if he had been born free and not a slave. He was a dear friend to a little golden haired girl named Eva who lived on the plantation where Uncle Tom worked.

The two little Stowe boys thought that it was the best story they had ever heard, and they asked their mother to write it down. Their mother did not think that the world would care as much about reading it as had her sons in listening to the story. But she did make it into a book, and she called the book Uncle Tom's Cabin.

Then a strange thing happened.

In a short time, ten thousand copies of the book, Uncle Tom's Cabin, had been bought by ten thousand people who thought that it was very wonderful. It took eight great printing presses, working day and night, to get it ready for the book stores. They made it into a play so that people might see, on the stage, Uncle

Tom and Little Eva, as Mrs. Stowe had written about them. In less than a year three hundred thousand people had bought copies of Uncle Tom's Cabin. Great people in Europe wrote to Harriet Beecher Stowe and told her how much they had enjoyed reading her book, and when she went traveling people in the towns stopped her carriage to fill it with flowers.

We all love books, but not many of us understand what makes a book read over and over again, when others are forgotten. They translated Uncle Tom's Cabin into nineteen different languages. In France there were more Bibles sold because it was the book that Uncle Tom read most. The English people bought over one and a half million copies, and we can scarcely count the numbers of the book that America has read.

We will never forget Uncle Tom's Cabin. Neither will we forget the little girl of old New England who learned how, although her hands were full of duties, to write a book that the whole world loves.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the grave-grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day:—
Under the one, the Blue;
Under the other, the Gray.

These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-field gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day:—
Under the laurel, the Blue;
Under the willow, the Gray.

From the silence of sorrowful hours,
The desolate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe:—

Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the Judgment Day:—
Under the laurel, the Blue;
 Under the willow, the Gray.

So, with an equal splendor,
 The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
 On the blossoms blooming for all:—
Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the Judgment Day:—
Broidered with gold, the Blue;
 Mellowed with gold, the Gray.

So, when the summer calleth,
 On forest and field of grain,
With an equal murmur falleth
 The cooling drip of the rain:—
Under the sod and the dew,
 Waiting the Judgment Day:—
Wet with the rain, the Blue;
 Wet with the rain, the Gray.

Sadly, but not with upbraiding,
 The generous deed was done.

In the storm of the years that are fading
No braver battle was won:—
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day:—
Under the blossoms, the Blue;
Under the garlands, the Gray.

No more shall the war-cry sever,
Or the winding rivers be red:
They banish our anger forever,
When they laurel the graves of our dead!
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment Day:—
Love and tears for the Blue;
Tears and love for the Gray.

FRANCIS MILES FINCH.

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THE BOY WHO WANTED TO BE A SCULPTOR

ANTONIO CANOVA

His name was Antonio Canova, and he lived over a hundred years ago in the little town of Asola in the hills of Italy.

As soon as Antonio had grown from a child to a little lad, he began to see the beautiful things in the world all about him. He loved to look at the colors in the church windows and at the strange shapes in the clouds that hung above him in the blue Italian sky. He begged his father to take him to see the statues that stood along the roadsides and in the gardens of the rich. He loved to pick up soft clay from the roadside and mould it into little figures with his clever hands.

Antonio's mother died when he was still only a little boy, and he went to live with his grandfather, who was a stone-cutter. Everyone liked the motherless lad, and his grandfather taught him how to

draw because he saw that he liked to use his hands in making beautiful things better than he did to play. Antonio watched his grandfather cut and clip the solid stone until it showed wonderful forms that no one would have believed were hidden in it. When his grandfather gave him a set of tools, Antonio was but a little while learning how to use them. He was only eight years old when he carved some pieces of marble so well that they were put into a church.

Antonio's grandfather could cook as well as carve. In the town where he lived, there lived also a very great and rich man who was a Senator. The Senator often gave great parties and then he would persuade the stonecutter to give up his work for a day and come to his castle to cook a fine dinner.

One day Antonio went with his grandfather to the Senator's house, and they let him sit on one of the wooden benches in the kitchen while the food was being prepared. It seemed quite wonderful to

Antonio; there were many rich fowls, artichokes and lentils, peas as green as emeralds, olives, oranges, dark chocolate and sweets of all kinds. Antonio wished that he might help, especially when he saw how cleverly the pastry was being moulded, but everyone laughed at the little boy when he asked this.

"You can't help with the Senator's dinner," they said, "a little lad like you!"

Just then there came the sound of a terrible crash in the kitchen. It came from the direction of the great dining hall, and out ran a terrified servant, wringing his hands. He had tried to place a valuable marble statue in the center of the table, and in doing so the statue had fallen and broken into hundreds of pieces.

"What shall I do?" he cried. He knew that the Senator would be disappointed and very angry.

Antonio felt like crying too. A marble statue seemed to him one of the most beautiful things in the world, and he could not bear to think of its having been destroyed.

"Perhaps I can make you a statue to take its place," he said. "Will you not let me try?"

"You; a little lad, make a statue fit to stand in the center of the Senator's table?" everyone cried. And Antonio, his eyes full of tears, went over to a corner of the kitchen where no one would see how badly he felt.

There was a huge piece of yellow butter there weighing many pounds, standing on the kitchen table. It was hard and firm and as yellow as gold. Antonio looked at it for a moment. Then he had a strange thought. He took up a large knife and commenced to carve the butter.

It was easier to carve in butter than in stone. As he cut and shaped, Antonio forgot where he was, but the servants left their work to watch him. They crowded about the lad, breathless, to see the wonder that he was working.

In place of the great square of butter there stood a splendid golden lion! Antonio had carved it. The servant who had

broken the Senator's statue was too happy for words. He placed the butter lion on a platter and carried it in to decorate the Senator's dinner table.

The Senator and his guests had never seen so beautiful and strange a statue. They could scarcely eat; they feasted their eyes instead on the statue and begged to know what great sculptor had sent it to the Senator.

"Who made the lion?" demanded the Senator of the servant who had brought it in.

"It was made by a little lad in the kitchen," the servant said, "Antonio, the grandson of the stonecutter."

The Senator could scarcely believe it.

"Bring the boy here," he demanded. "He shall be our guest of honor."

So Antonio, in his poor clothes and peasant's shoes, was brought in and sat beside the Senator at the head of the table. It was like a fairy tale come true to the little lad. The Senator asked Antonio to come and live with him, and he said

that he should have the best teachers in Italy in drawing and sculpture. In two years he had learned a great deal. In only a few years more, he was known as one of the greatest sculptors in the world, and his statues stood in cathedrals, in castles, and in museums of art.

Doing his best in the kitchen had made Antonio Canova one of the great men of the world of art.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands ;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands ;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long ;
His face is like the tan ;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow ;
You can hear him sling his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door ;

They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys ;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like his mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise !
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies ;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling — rejoicing — sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes ;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close ;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of light
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

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THE GIRL WHO LIKED TO PLAY NURSE

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE

On the twelfth of May, the month of flowers, in the year of eighteen hundred and twenty, a little English baby was born at the Villa Colombaia, just outside Florence, the fair city of the Arno.

Spring had been busy sowing the fields with flowers and spreading a carpet of tender green beneath the gray olive trees. New life was springing up everywhere and the baby at the Villa Colombaia lifted her face to the light in company with the flowers.

“We will call her Florence,” said her mother. So the City of Flowers gave its dear name to the little English baby.

It was not very long before the English family went back to their home in England. The first home that Florence knew in England was Lea Hall, in Derbyshire, but when she was five years old, and her

sister Frances was six, they went to live in a new house called Lea Hurst. Here all the rest of her childhood's summer days were spent.

It was a beautiful home for Mr. Nightingale loved all beautiful things. The windows looked out over lawns and gardens, and a river wound its way like a silver thread to the hills beyond. Most charming of all was the sight of the two little girls in their dainty muslin frocks, Leghorn hats, and sandal shoes as they played about among the beds of purple pansies and crimson wall flowers.

The girls each had a garden in which they planted, weeded, and watered. It was Florence, though, who was most fond of flowers. It seemed as if the old Italian City of Flowers had laid its charm upon her as well as given her its name.

The two little sisters were very fond of their dolls, too. But they showed their fondness in different ways, and brought up their doll families on different plans. Florence's dolls were all delicate and needed

constant care. They spent most of their lives in bed, going through illnesses. They were most carefully nursed by their mother, who doctored them and fed them dainty dishes until they were well again.

Scarcely were the dolls up and dressed again before some new illness sent them back to bed, and the nursing began once more.

Frances' dolls were hardly ever in bed. They led lives of adventure. When an accident happened and an arm or a leg was hurt, it was Florence who set it in splints and nursed the invalid back to health.

Florence looked upon all animals as her friends, especially those that were unfortunate. Anything that needed her care appealed at once to her tender little heart. It was she who welcomed and loved the homely little kittens that the stable cat hid from less friendly eyes. And the old pony that was past work and of no use to anyone, knew that his little mistress loved him as much as ever. Whenever she passed

the paddock, he came trotting over to see her. Then he would poke his nose into her pockets until he found an apple or a carrot that Florence had hidden there for his daily game of hide and seek.

The birds, too, seemed to know and trust her, and even the squirrels came darting for any nuts she carried with her as she walked through the woods. They looked upon her as quite one of themselves.

Only half the year was spent at Lea Hurst. In winter and early spring the family went to live in their other house, Embay Park, in Hampshire. Here Florence learned the pleasure of visiting the village people. She was always eager to be the messenger when there was a pudding or jelly to be sent to some sick person.

She was riding on her pony over the Hampshire Downs one day, after a round of visits with the vicar, when they noticed that old Roger, the shepherd, was having a hard time finding his sheep. He had no dog to help him.

"Where's your dog?" the vicar asked.

"The boys have been throwing stones at him and broken his leg," the shepherd said.

"Do you mean to say Cap's leg is broken?" Florence asked. She knew the name of every dog about the place. "Where is he?" she asked. "Can nothing be done for him?"

The shepherd shook his head.

"No, there's nothing that can be done," he said. "Cap will never be good for anything again. I've left him lying yonder in that shed. I'll have to put an end to him this evening."

Florence's eyes filled with tears.

"Can't we go and see him?" she asked.

The vicar nodded, and they galloped off together to the lonely shed. In a moment Florence had slid off her pony, entered the shed, and was kneeling beside the poor dog. She always seemed to understand the language of animals. As she patted and soothed Cap, he tried to wag his tail feebly. He looked up at her, his brown eyes full of gratitude and trust.

The vicar, following after, examined the hurt leg, and said that it was not broken at all. With careful nursing he thought the dog might get well.

"What shall I do first?" Florence asked.

"We might try a hot compress," said the vicar.

The shepherd's boy was told to light a fire of sticks and fill a kettle. Then came the question of a cloth and bandages. Looking around, Florence's quick eye caught sight of the shepherd's clean smock hanging behind the door.

"Mother will give him a new one," she said as she tore the smock into strips.

Very tenderly then did she doctor the swollen leg. In spite of the pain, the dog lay quite still, watching her all the time with his understanding, grateful eyes.

A message was sent home to tell where Florence was. All that afternoon she watched by the side of the suffering dog and bathed the leg until the swelling went down.

It was evening before the shepherd

came, slowly and sorrowfully, for he thought he must kill Cap.

"Dear me, miss," he exclaimed as the dog gave a whine of welcome and tried to come to him. "Why, you've worked a wonder! I never thought to have the old dog greet me again."

"He is going to get well now," Florence said. "But you must nurse him carefully, and I will show you how to make hot compresses."

The shepherd was only too glad to do all that the little girl directed him. But it was the look in Cap's grateful eyes that was all the thanks for which Florence cared.

She was only a child, then, ready to help anything that needed her care, flowers, or dolls, or an old sheep dog. But she was laying the foundation of the great work that was to crown her life.

The look of gratitude in the eyes of the dog moved her childish, pitiful heart, but how well she learned to know that look in the eyes of suffering men! She gave up

her life to the great work of nursing. The very name of Florence Nightingale meant hope and comfort to the wounded soldiers. The sight of her face bending over them was to them as the face of an angel.

Amy Steedman. Copyright by Frederick A. Stokes & Co.

APPLE SEED JOHN

Poor Johnny was bended well nigh double
With years of toil, and care, and trouble;
But his large old heart still felt the need
Of doing for others some kindly deed.

“But what can I do?” old Johnny said:
“I who work so hard for my daily bread?
It takes heaps of money to do much good;
I am far too poor to do as I would.”

The old man sat thinking deeply awhile,
Then over his features gleamed a smile,
And he clapped his hands in childish glee,
And said to himself: “There’s a way for
me!”

He worked and he worked with might and
main,
But no one knew the plan in his brain.
He took ripe apples in pay for chores,
And carefully cut from them all the cores.

He filled a bag full, then wandered away,
And no man saw him for many a day.

With knapsack over his shoulder slung,
He marched along, and whistled or sung.

He seemed to roam with no object in view,
Like one who had nothing on earth to do;
But, journeying thus o'er the prairies wide,
He paused now and then, and his bag untied.

With pointed cane deep holes he would
bore,
And in every hole he placed a core;
Then covered them well and left them there
In keeping of sunshine, rain and air.

Sometimes an Indian of sturdy limb
Came striding along and walked with him;
And he who had food shared with the
other,
As if he had met a hungry brother.

When the Indian saw how the bag was
filled,
And looked at the holes the white man
drilled,
He thought to himself 'twas a silly plan
To be planting seed for some future man.

Sometimes a log cabin came in view,
Where Johnny was sure to find jobs to do,
By which he gained stores of bread and
meat,
And welcome rest for his weary feet.

He had full many a story to tell,
And goodly hymns that he sang right well;
He tossed up the babes, and joined the boys
In many a game full of fun and noise.

And he seemed so hearty in word or play,
Men, women, and boys all urged him to
stay;
But he always said: "I have something to
do,
And I must go on to carry it through."

The boys, who were sure to follow him
round,
Soon found what it was he put in the
ground;
And so, as time passed and he traveled on,
Everyone called him "Old Apple Seed
John."

Whenever he'd used the whole of his store,
He went into cities and worked for more;
Then he marched back to the wilds again,
And planted seed on hill-side and plain.

In cities, some said the old man was crazy;
While others said he was only lazy.
But he took no notice of gibes and jeers,
He knew he was working for future years.

He knew that trees would soon abound
Where once a tree could not have been
found;

That a flickering play of light and shade
Would dance and glimmer along the glade;

That blossoming sprays would form fair
bowers,
And sprinkle the grass with rosy showers;
And the little seeds his hands had spread
Would become ripe apples when he was
dead.

So he kept on traveling far and wide,
Till his old limbs failed him, and he died.

He said at the last: "'Tis a comfort to feel
I've done good in the world, though not a
great deal."

Weary travelers journeying west,
In the shade of his trees find pleasant rest;
And they often start, with glad surprise,
At the rosy fruit that round them lies.

And if they inquire whence came such
trees,
Where not a bough once swayed in the
breeze,
The answer still comes, as they travel on:
"These trees were planted by Apple Seed
John."

LYDIA MARIA CHILD

THE GIRL WHO WAS A LOVING SISTER

LOUISA M. ALCOTT

There were four little sisters, almost fourscore years ago, in Orchard House in old Concord. Anna was nearly ten and Louisa just past her eighth birthday. Elizabeth was four, and last of all came the baby, Abby May.

What happy times they must have had, we think, wearing the dainty frocks and ribbons that all little girls love, and playing with a house full of dolls. Did they go to parties and have a great deal of company at Orchard House? Their father was Amos Bronson Alcott about whom a great deal has been written, and Orchard House is so famous now that no one goes to Concord without visiting it. This family of little Alcott sisters must have had a wonderful girlhood, we feel.

They were the four happiest sisters that ever lived but they were quite poor.

Perhaps they might have had more comforts if their father had not believed that being poor is a help to happiness. They ate plain food and wore simple clothes, but they knew where the most juicy wild berries and the richest nuts could be found. They had few toys that were bought, but such a store of home made playthings! The little girls had all kinds of rag dolls and as many kittens as they wanted. They had gingerbread men and a whole toy barnyard full of animals that their mother cut and baked from cake dough. They made up plays of their own, too. Louisa wrote stories full of villains and heroes, witches, princesses, gallant knights, good fairies, gnomes and giants that they could act in the attic.

As the baby, Abby May, grew up into a sunny haired little girl with the most skilful fingers, she designed and painted scenery for their plays. Anna made over old clothes from the attic into wardrobes for the actors and they filled the attic with fun on rainy days.

Orchard House was a quaint brown home with many windows. It was set in the midst of fruit trees and green grass with an old fashioned garden at the back. Although there was very little to eat sometimes at the Alcott home, its doors were always open to the neighbors or to a stranger who was in need of help and shelter. Anything that the Alcotts could spare was shared.

If we might only have peeped in one of the windows on Christmas Eve! There was a tree that the girls had watched being chopped down in the green woods of Concord. Anna and Louisa had helped to drag it home on their sled with little Abby May seated like a snow queen on its branches. Standing beside the glowing stove on the worn carpet of the living room, it was made beautiful with things that had not cost any money. Rosy apples from the Alcott's own orchard hung like bright red balls among its branches. The girls had popped corn and strung the kernels to make festoons for the tree. The

gifts were home made, a penwiper for father, a knitted scarf for mother, all the work of the sisters' fingers, and all very precious on that account.

The oldest sister in a family, always has to be a kind of little mother, and this was true with Anna Alcott. Elizabeth was not a strong little girl. She was never able to help with the work in Orchard House, but her goodness and gentle heart filled it with sunshine. Little Abby May loved nothing so much as to draw pictures all day long. She drew and painted very well indeed, but she found it hard to remember household tasks. Louisa was her father's birthday child, born on Mr. Alcott's birthday. She was loving and fond of the birds and woods and flowers, as her father was. She was strong willed too. Whatever she started to do she finished.

As Louisa grew up into a tall, dark girl with big, far seeing eyes she wanted to do something for these three sisters whom she loved so dearly. She longed to spare her mother the hard work of the home. She

wished that she might buy for her father the books that he loved but could not afford. There were Elizabeth's doctor's bills to pay and Abby's paints to be bought.

If we could have climbed up into the Alcott attic one long ago day when Louisa was still in her teens, we would have seen her at work trying to help her family. She was curled up in one of the wide window seats with pencils and paper in an old tin kitchen beside her. She had a pile of apples on the floor at her feet, for she intended to work late and she might not have time to go downstairs for supper. Scrabbles, a rat who lived in the garret and was Louisa's pet and play fellow, danced about on the rough boards of the floor. Louisa did not notice him, though, nor did she stop work until the shadows of the trees in the orchard cut off all the light. She wrote and wrote, covering many pages with her fine penmanship. When she had finished she slipped the pages in the tin kitchen, for she was keeping her plan a secret from the dear family downstairs.

We will come back from that long ago day with Louisa in the attic now, and open our favorite book, *Little Women*. Every girl loves *Little Women*, and grown people love it so much that it was made into a play and acted before large audiences all over our country.

Little Women is the story of Meg and Jo and Beth and Amy, four loving little sisters, who lived with their dear father and mother in an old brown house like Orchard House in Concord. It tells about old Joanna, a torn but precious rag doll, and about the fairy tale plays that the little sisters wrote and staged and acted in the attic. We read in *Little Women* how Meg mothered the family and Jo wrote stories that were published and made them all comfortable after their poverty. It tells us how Beth was the good angel of the home and went at last to live with the angels. We read how Amy grew up to be an artist just as she had wanted to be when she was a little girl. *Little Women* is a book about playing and working and loving

just as children may play and work and love today. The best part of the whole book, though, is that it tells us how happy poor people may be.

Who do you suppose gave us Little Women?

The girl that was herself such a loving sister gave it to us. We saw her working up there in the Orchard House attic in Concord so many years ago. She was curled up in the window with her paper and her pile of apples, and only Scrabbles, the rat, knew what a beautiful story she was going to give us. Louisa Alcott wrote Little Women which is the true story of her own girlhood and that of her sisters in their Concord home. Anna Alcott was Meg and Louisa Alcott was Jo, Elizabeth Alcott was Beth and Abby was Amy of Little Women. The home of these four little women with all its fun and sorrow and love was Orchard House of over seventy-five years ago.

Louisa Alcott wrote Little Men and Jo's Boys and Eight Cousins and Rose in

Bloom, about herself and her family, grown up. Two long shelves in the Alcott home in Concord are filled with almost thirty books that she wrote. These books did just what she hoped they would. They were bought in hundreds of thousands and helped to bring comfort to the Alcott household when it was most needed.

Little Women did more than that, though. It is the book that, more than any other, tells children what real, good fun it is to have to go without things and make our own happiness at home.

THE BOY FROM THE HATTER'S SHOP

PETER COOPER

One of the nicest things a boy can do is to make a trip to a store and buy a new hat or a cap.

He doesn't often stop to think, though, where the hat came from or how many workmen were kept busy putting its parts together. It takes a good deal of work to make a hat or a cap now. A hundred years ago, when men's and boys' hats were taller and made of richer materials than they are now, it was quite a task to make one. It was a greater task, too, because hats were entirely made by hand then.

How would you like to make a trip, in fancy, to a little hatter's shop in New York City one hundred years ago?

There is just one room, small and stifling because the windows are not much more than peep holes. There are old fashioned benches and chairs, and among

the five or six apprentices in the hatter's shop, there is a small boy hard at work. He is standing by a table at one end of the room and he is so little that he can just reach the rabbit skins that lie in a pile on the center of the table. He pulls one rabbit skin at a time toward him and begins picking out the hairs very carefully. It is a tedious, tiresome piece of work and it takes hundreds of rabbits' hairs to fill the bag that hangs at the boy's side. They are to be used in making beaver hats and the little boy, whose name is Peter, has been pulling them out of the skins ever since he can remember.

There was not an apprentice in Mr. Cooper's hat shop who was as anxious to work carefully and well as Mr. Cooper's little boy, Peter. Life for him was made up of a little play and a great deal of hardship. He helped his mother with the washing; there was very little about the house that he could not do. But when Peter was free he did not join the other boys in a game down at the wharf. He

got out the axe or his jack knife and tried to make something.

We will say good bye to this small Peter now and watch him grow up. The next time we see him is in the workroom of a coachmaker's shop on Broadway where he is working as an apprentice. He is a lad now, but his large, long face is just as earnest as it was when he was a little fellow and he is just as busy. Peter's work for the day is over. It is night and the other apprentices are out in the street having a good time. Peter has lighted a tallow candle and as it flickers and sputters he bends over a carpenter's work bench.

What Peter Cooper is trying to make is a secret. He is working in his spare time on an invention that he knows, if he perfects it, will do wonders for the American people. He has no money, though, to buy materials. He saved several hundred dollars from his small wages and he planned to use this in buying tools and materials. Just then he went downtown

to visit his father and mother and he found that the hatter's shop was deeply in debt. Peter paid all the debts, but he had no money left.

What does that matter, he says to himself, as he saws and planes in the candlelight. He has worked hard all his life and has been to school only two months a winter for three or four years. But he can make hats; he has learned the brick making trade, and he is a skilled coach builder. He is able to use almost any tool that is made. He has strength and willing hands, and he has a great longing in his heart. He wants to do something for other boys as poor as he.

Peter Cooper went right on working for fifty years more. He was a street peddler for a while; he played a hurdy gurdy and he had a small grocery business. He experimented with many kinds of mixtures until he was able to manufacture glue and oil and whiting and prepared chalk. These began to make him rich. Then he manufactured iron and that led

him into mining and the development of mining lands. They were all quite different kinds of work but in one respect they were all alike for Peter Cooper. Each business or trade gave him an opportunity to work hard and to work carefully.

Just about this time two wonderful things happened in the United States. A locomotive was built and a great cable was laid beneath the Atlantic Ocean linking two continents by a new and quicker means of communication.

Who do you suppose built the first locomotive and laid the first Atlantic cable? Why, it was Peter Cooper who began work by pulling rabbits' hairs in his father's hat shop in old New York!

He found this success very wonderful indeed and he was glad of the wealth and honor that came with it. There was something else, though, that gave Peter Cooper his greatest happiness. That was his Union. We know it as Cooper Union.

Peter Cooper built this beautiful edifice of brown stone and many stories in height

in the City of New York so that boys and girls and young men and young women might have the learning which he missed. He spent three-quarters of a million dollars for it and it took several years to build Cooper Union. As the workmen piled the stones and did the other construction work on the building, a plain little wagon drawn by a steady old horse might be seen coming down the street. It was old Mr. Peter Cooper's wagon. He might have had a fine coach, for he was one of the most famous and richest men in the United States, but he always liked to be simple in his living. The street was crowded with cabs and trucks and express wagons but they all drew aside to make way for the plain little carriage in which "Uncle Peter" sat. He would drive up to his own hitching post in front of the Union and get out and look at it with a great deal of pride and joy.

Peter Cooper drove to Cooper Union every day until he died. He saw thousands of young men and women from all parts

of the country there learning to draw and paint and model in clay, learning how to erect great buildings and to build railroads and bridges.

Cooper Union has always been one of the most helpful schools in the world because it teaches how to use the hands in making the world more useful and more beautiful. The happiest person in the Union, though, was "Uncle Peter," going from room to room, and watching boys and girls learning the things that he had to teach himself between hat making and brick making and all the other humble tasks that were his.

A BOY WHO WANTED TO LEARN

BOOKER T. WASHINGTON

If anyone had tried some fifty years ago to pick out a boy who had the poorest chance of becoming a great man, he might very well have chosen a little slave on a plantation near Hale's Ford in Virginia. Nobody took very much notice of the coming of another little black baby. His mother did not know the names of the months, and soon forgot just when God gave the new son to her; so that when he grew to manhood, he chose Easter Sunday as a good time to mark as his birthday.

His home was a one-room cabin on a great farm, where he lived with other slaves. There were no windows. The floor was of dirt, and on this the boy slept, with a heap of rags to keep him warm. His only garment was a shirt so coarse that until it had been worn about six weeks it made him feel as if needles were sticking into him. When the weather was warm, he

much preferred not to wear anything at all. Though no one else seemed to care for him, his mother loved him dearly; and at night she used to bend over him when he lay down to sleep and pray that by and by she and her boy might be free.

One day they were all sent for to come up to the house where the master lived. The little fellow was afraid and clung to his mother's skirts while a man on the porch read a paper to them. But when the reading was over, all the slaves jumped up and down and shouted for joy; and his mother bent low and whispered to him that they were free.

After a while the family moved to West Virginia, where there was work for them in the coal mines and salt furnaces. The boy longed to go to school and learn, as he saw other happy children doing. But the home was so poor that he had to help to buy food and clothing; and every day he walked a mile and a half to the coal mines with his stepfather, and worked in the darkness and dampness, though the

mine made him very much afraid. He was not discouraged, however, and learned his letters on the salt barrels. After a good teacher began to help him, he took a book into the mine with him, and whenever he had a few spare minutes, he tried to read by the light of the little lamp that was hung in his cap. At last his stepfather told him that if he would get up early in the morning and work from four until nine o'clock, he might go to school for half a day. This seemed to him a great chance, and he took up his studies with delight.

Up to this time he had never had a last name. "Booker" was what everyone called him. At the school he heard the teacher calling the boys by two names; and when his name was asked, he gave the greatest name he knew—Washington. So Booker Washington he has always been called; and he often laughed and pointed to himself as one of the very few boys who ever chose their own names.

When he was twelve years old, he was sent to work as a chore boy in a home in

Malden. Everything about the house had to be kept clean and in order, and his mistress taught him that he must always be honest and always on time. These were good lessons for a boy brought up as he had been; and he was glad when he grew up that this good woman had made him do things, which at the time he did not like to do at all, and do them thoroughly. Here, too, he never wasted his spare time, but kept on with his studies. Often his mistress found him reading a book in a corner of the kitchen; and more than once she saw a light in his cabin after midnight, and had to go out and tell him to stop studying and go to bed.

One day he heard about a great school at Hampton, where negro and Indian boys, who were poor, could work for their board. It was five hundred miles away, and he had been able to save very little out of the six dollars a month that his mistress paid him. But his friends, who were almost as poor as he, helped him. Some gave five cents and some ten; and at last, though

he did not have enough money to pay his carfare, he started. Part of the way he rode. The rest he had to walk, sleeping in barns and under bushes, and getting whatever he could to eat.

II

At last he reached Hampton, ragged and dirty, and with only five cents in his pocket; so that when the teachers looked him over, they were not at all sure that he was the kind of boy that ought to stay. However, one of them decided to give him a chance, and told him to sweep and dust one of the large recitation rooms. If Booker had done this badly, he would probably have been sent away, and his whole after life might have been very different. But he saw that he was on trial, and made up his mind to do the work better than it had ever been done before. He swept the room three times and dusted the desks four times. He took the dirt out of the cracks and corners, and wiped off the windows and sills. When the teacher came back,

she could not find a dusty place anywhere; and looking down into the eager face, she said with a smile, "I think we'll try you as a student." And so his wonderful days at Hampton began.

Here there was much that was new to him. He had never before slept in a bed with clean white sheets. He had never had his meals at regular hours, or eaten his food with a tablecloth spread before him, or used a napkin. He had never learned to use a toothbrush or taken a bath in a white tub. He had to rise at four, sweep rooms, build fires, and work hard every day. But he knew that to learn was the way to be happy and good and useful; and he bore his hardships without whining, ate his portion of corn bread without finding fault with it, and did every task just as well as he could.

By the time that his school days at Hampton were over, he had made up his mind that what he wanted to do most of all was not to make himself rich, or to seek his own pleasure, but to help his people,

who were living in the little old one-room cabins, and who were as poor and ignorant as he used to be. So he went back to Malden and taught a day school and two Sunday schools there for three years. He made the boys and girls keep their hands and faces clean, comb their hair, and keep the buttons on their clothes, and tried in every way to cure them of their untidy habits and to make them honest and kind as well as wise. He did so well that General Armstrong, the great leader of the school at Hampton, sent for him to come back and teach the Indian boys; and thus the boy, for whom Hampton had done so much, had a chance to express his love and thanks to the school.

In 1880 some men in Alabama made up their minds to found a school in Tuskegee to train teachers for their colored schools. When they asked General Armstrong whom they should call to take charge of the work, he told them that the best man he knew was Booker Washington. The task was a very hard one, and many men

would have chosen to stay at Hampton, where they could have more of quiet and comfort. But this man loved his people more than he loved himself and looked only for the place where he could be most helpful. He was given charge of the new school, and began his work on July 4, 1881, with an old church for a building and a tumble-down shanty, which stood near by, for a schoolroom. It was cold in winter and hot in summer. The wind howled in between the boards, and when it rained one of the boys had to hold an umbrella over the teacher's head while she read the lesson.

From this has grown the great school at Tuskegee, where more than a thousand black boys and girls are trained every year. Many friends have given large gifts to it, and the black folk have toiled for it and helped to make it. But the success of the great work and the happiness of thousands of lives and homes are due most of all to one little slave boy, who wanted to learn, who was not afraid to work hard, who

loved his people, and who was eager to share with them his blessings until all should have a fair chance to be wise and happy and good.

HENRY HALLAM TWEEDY.

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THE GIRL WHO WORKED HARDEST TO LEARN

HELEN KELLER

There was great excitement in the Southern home in Tuscumbia, Alabama, one sunny March day of 1887. Helen felt this because she had heard the sound of footsteps hurrying to and fro ever since morning. She wished that she knew what it was all about, but she could not tell.

The name of the house was Ivy Green and Helen knew that it was a pretty home, for she had felt of the ivy on the walls and the stiff green boxwood hedges. She had found the first spring lilies and violets by smelling them and she had touched the roses that hung from the piazza when they were wet with dew in the morning.

Helen could hardly wait to find out what was going to happen at Ivy Green but she kept as busy as she could, trying to be patient. She helped to fold and put away the clothes that had come from the

laundry, sorting her own from the others. She hunted for the nest in the long grass where the guinea hen had hidden her eggs. She spent a part of the day in the kitchen with Martha Washington, the little colored girl who was her companion. With Martha's help Helen kneaded some dough balls, turned the coffee mill and fed the hens and turkeys that swarmed over the kitchen steps.

But all this time Helen was eager with excitement. At last she went and stood on the piazza, touching the leaves and blossoms that the spring had brought and lifting up her face to feel the sunshine. Suddenly Helen felt that some one was coming. She stretched out her hand for she thought that it was her mother. Some one took it and held Helen close in her arms.

It was indeed a wonderful day in the life of little Helen Keller. She was almost seven years old and was blind and deaf and did not know how to speak. She had only her fingers with which to learn but

a teacher, Miss Sullivan, had come to help her to be like other children.

The morning after Miss Sullivan came she led Helen into her room and gave her a doll. The little blind children at Perkins Institute had sent it to Helen and a blind child had dressed it. After Helen had played with the doll a while Miss Sullivan held her hand and spelled d-o-l-l in it. Such fun as this finger play was! The little blind girl was delighted and soon she was able to spell d-o-l-l in the same way with her fingers in the palm of her other hand. Miss Sullivan put Helen's new doll in the little girl's lap and helped her to touch it as she spelled. It was a new, wonderful play. Helen ran downstairs and spelled with her fingers for her mother. In a few days she could spell *pin*, *hat*, *cup*, and some words like *sit*, *stand* and *walk* that she could learn through movement. In a few weeks Helen knew that everything had a name and she wanted to learn all the names.

As soon as Helen could spell a few

words Miss Sullivan gave her slips of cardboard on which were printed words in raised letters. Helen touched these and learned them, and then touched the objects or carried out the action for which they stood. She had a frame in which she could fit the cardboard slips and make sentences. Then Helen began to read a story book printed in raised letters.

There were other lessons for Helen to learn with her fingers and she studied most of them out of doors. She would gather soft pink peaches and rosy apples in her apron and hold them to her cheek while Miss Sullivan told her with her fingers of their color and how they grew. She felt of the bursting cotton balls and touched their soft fiber and fuzzy seeds, learning of the uses of cotton. She built dams of pebbles, made islands and lakes and dug river beds on the river bank near her home to learn geography. Afterward Miss Sullivan helped Helen to make raised maps of clay so that she could feel the mountain ridges and valleys, and follow with her fingers the

twisting courses of the rivers. Then her teacher told Helen in the strange sign language that she had learned about our great round world, its burning mountains, its buried cities and all that is going on in it today.

Sometimes Miss Sullivan and Helen bought a lily and set it in a sunny window. When the green, pointed buds began to unfold, Helen touched them softly, learning how a plant lives and grows. She had a jar of tadpoles that surprised her by turning into frogs. She felt of downy chickens and budding fruit trees, the animals in the barnyard and the smallest wild flowers out in the woods so that she might learn all about them. It was not an easy way to study, but each day Helen worked harder to find out the wonders with which the earth is filled.

Helen was blind and deaf because she had been very ill when she was a baby. Because she could not hear voices she could not talk, but she wanted to speak. She liked to feel a cat purr and a dog

bark. She would hold a cricket or a katydid in her small hand, delighted with the sounds she could feel them making. She could feel, too, very tiny sounds outdoors, the silky rustling of long leaves and the low sighing of the wind among the corn stalks.

One day the most wonderful thing of all happened to this little girl who could neither see or hear. Helen learned the sound of letters by passing her hand over her teacher's face and feeling the position of her tongue and lips when she spoke. Then the little deaf girl, who could not remember ever having heard a word, spoke. Helen was only ten years old when she began to learn to talk and it was very, very hard for her. It was a long while before she could make herself understood, but she kept on trying to speak. She talked to her toys, to stones, to trees, to birds and to dumb animals. How happy Helen was when her dog came at her call and her pony obeyed her commands!

Sometimes Miss Sullivan took Helen for

a journey and these were like trips to fairyland for the little shut-in girl who was trying so hard to learn. She went all the long way from Tuscumbia to Boston once and took her doll with her. Miss Sullivan told her of everything they passed, the great cotton fields, the hills and woods, the little colored boys who sold popcorn balls at the stations and the beautiful Tennessee River. In Boston Helen visited the Perkins Institute for the Blind and thanked the children for her doll. She went to Plymouth on a steamboat and stood on Plymouth Rock as Miss Sullivan told her about the Pilgrims. She played in the sand which she had never touched before, and gathered sea shells to carry home and learn about.

Helen was finding out now all that we know so easily through seeing and hearing. She began to discover that the world is a very happy place and she was able to do much that other little girls could. The first Christmas after Miss Sullivan came was a real Christmas for Helen.

She and her teacher prepared surprises

for all the members of the family, for Martha Washington, the little colored girl, and for the children of the neighborhood. Helen and Miss Sullivan sat at bed time in front of a glowing wood fire and talked in the finger language about the happy day that was coming.

On Christmas Eve the school children of Tuscumbia had their tree and they invited Helen to come and enjoy it with them. The Christmas tree stood in the center of the schoolroom, brightly lighted, and its branches loaded with presents. Helen was told that the tree was there, how beautiful it was, and that it held a gift for each child. Then they let the little blind girl take the gifts from the tree and give them to the children. She did not make a single mistake and it seemed as if she had never been so happy before. She hung up her stocking at home and fell asleep with a new doll and a soft white bear in her arms. In the morning a new canary sang a Merry Christmas to Helen. She could feel his cheery voice ringing out through the air.

It was a new world for Helen. Blind, she knew how full of beautiful sights the earth is. Deaf, she could feel the earth's smallest, sweetest sounds. Each year she learned more until she became greater and more talented than many who can see and hear. If Helen Keller could learn so much, what may we not learn with our eyes and our ears to help us ?

THE BOY WHO WAS A WIZARD

THOMAS ALVA EDISON

Hardly anyone in the little town of Milan, in Ohio, thought that Alva would amount to anything. He went to school, but only for three months when he could not seem to rise above the bottom of his class. He was always playing pranks, too; or they seemed pranks to his mother and the village boys.

Any boy in Milan could have told you how Alva was trying one of his strange experiments in the canal that ran past their house and fell in. He was almost drowned before he was pulled out. Another time he was rescued from a great pile of wheat in a grain lift when he had been trying to find out how the lift was worked. He set fire to a barn once, although he had not meant to. All these things made people feel that Alva was not like other boys; that perhaps he was not so well able to take care of himself. Even the school-

master thought this. So Alva's mother took him out of school and taught him herself at home.

But no one, not even his mother, really knew the little boy. He was dreaming all the time that he was not Alva Edison, but the genii of the Arabian Nights. What other boys did to be mischievous, Alva did to try to find out the power of the world and how to use it. He kept rows and rows of bottles on shelves in the cellar, and he filled these with all sorts of chemicals with which to experiment. When he discovered something in this way, he was as pleased as any ordinary boy is over winning a game of baseball.

There were a great many questions that Alva wanted answered. He was always wondering about things, and no one could answer his, *why, why?* The chemicals in the bottles in the cellar cost money, and there was not very much money in the Edison home. So Alva decided to try to earn some money that would help him to answer some of his own questions.

He raised vegetables for a while and he liked the work very much. He felt quite like a magician as he buried seeds in the ground and then waited for a plant to rise from them. This was rather a slow way of earning, though, and Alva gave it up.

His next work was selling papers. He could read in his newspapers and magazines what men of science were doing all over the world, and he had plenty of time for this as he rode to and fro in a train from Huron to Detroit where the family lived now. He was allowed to use one of the vans for storing his precious bottles so that he could work with them at odd moments. He grew quite happy, and began to feel as if he were really going to accomplish something in the world.

Troublous times came just then. The Civil War began, and the whole country was in sore straits. Business was poor; there was little or no money and Alva found it difficult to get any newspapers to sell. He had always wondered, though,

about the magic that lay behind the print. Now he bought a little printing press and put it in his van. He printed a newspaper of his own that would carry the news the nation wanted so much to know. It was called *The Weekly Herald*, and Alva sold it for three cents.

His paper was going well when something happened. He was at work in the van one day when the train lurched and a stick of phosphorous on one of the shelves fell to the floor. The boards, in a second, were in flames. The train guard was able to put out the fire, but he was so angry that he struck the boy. It was a cruel blow for it left Alva deaf, always, from the injury it did to his ear.

"There isn't any use trying," is what another boy might have said. But it was not even Alva's thought. He looked about for another chance, and it came before he expected it.

There was a little railway station on his paper route where Alva often stopped to talk with the station agent. It was not

a very busy station, and Alva was interested in watching the telegraph outfit and wondering how it worked. That was what he was doing one day when he heard the rumble of a swiftly coming train. It would pass by without stopping, he knew, but he turned to look at it. Then he saw that the station master's little boy had strayed out to the track and was on the rails, in front of the approaching train.

Alva did not think of his own danger. He dashed out on the track and pulled the child back just in time. He barely escaped himself. As it was, the wheel of one of the coaches grazed his foot, but he put the little fellow in his father's arms, safe.

The station agent was most anxious to do something for Alva, but he was as poor as was the lad. He offered, though, to teach Alva telegraphy and that really pleased the boy more than any gift could have. It seemed to unlock the world's wizardry for him.

That was what it really did. When

Alva had learned the secrets of the telegraph board, how to send messages, and how to read those that came in, he began to be, himself, a wizard. The boy whom no one had thought very wise, began to be looked upon as one of the world's greatest magicians.

The wizards of the fairy tales turn darkness to light, send messages by the wind, and make the unseen speak. All this was accomplished by the Ohio boy who couldn't get to the head of his class in school. He has given us electricity to turn the blackness of night into dazzling day. He has circled the earth with tiny wires that carry the voices of our friends for hundreds of miles to us. He has given us a magic box from which we hear the most beautiful music, preserved for us, from the voices once breathed into it, forever.

Thomas Alva Edison's boyhood dreams have made the Arabian Nights' tales true.

